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### LIFE'S SUNNY HOURS.

BY J. C.

Let us enjoy life's sunny hours
While youth is in its spring;
While hope's swift, trembling fingers strike
Upon each answering string;
For, oh, alas! too soon they fade,
And vanish like a dream,
Or as the moonlit shadows which
Flit o'er a mountain stream.

When hope's bright blossoms one by one
Upon our pathway bloom,
We never think that they will deck
Fond memory's dismal tomb,
But after years with all their woes
This truth will to us bring;
That every pleasure we enjoy
Lasts not beyond life's spring.

## LOVED AND LOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE moon was shining brightly as Bernard Yorke came out of the New Corinthian Club, and he stood on the top step and looked up at the sky and up and down Piccadilly with smiling thoughtfulness.

It was in the month of May, the season was getting into swing, and the cabs and carriages rattled along the historic and aristocratic thoroughfare, bearing their occupants to balls and receptions.

Bernard Yorke himself was due at the Countess of Winshire's "small and early," which always meant "late and crowded;" but he stood, with his cigarette in his mouth and his hand in the pocket of his dress inverness, as if he were in no hurry, and time and the world were his own.

He was young, and life was sweet. The gods had been bountiful, very bountiful, to him, and made him good to look upon. Women smiled upon him when they met him and looked into his dark eyes, and sighed when he left them. He was tall, even in this age of tall men, but looked less than his height by reason of the well-proportioned form, which cricket, sculling, football, and frequent use of the foils and boxing-gloves had knit into graceful perfection.

He was not only a persona grata with the women, but popular with his fellow men, and there was no better known or more warmly-liked young fellow than "Bernie" Yorke, as his intimates were fond of calling him.

For the rest, the gods had willed that he should be the only son and heir of a baronet, who doated upon him, and made him an allowance which was so liberal that Bernard was not more than two or three thousand pounds in debt; which in these rapid days, when men run through a quarter of a million in two years or so, is a mere nothing and not worth speaking of.

The Yorke estates were in Sparshire. There was a lovely old house of red brick and stone, surrounded by charming old-world grounds, and with farms and lands which represented a rent-roll quite long enough for the needs of a modern baronet—if he kept within them.

Perhaps Bernard Yorke was thinking of the old house—he was very fond and proud of it—and picturing it to himself as it must look in this present moonlight; or perhaps he was thinking of Felicia Damerel, whom he was going to meet at the Winshire ball. The half-smile on his lips, which were of better shape than most men's, would have suited either subject.

As he stood lazily smoking his cigarette, the plate-glass doors of the club swung open, and another man came out.

He, too, was tall, and, in a way, good-looking. He was very fair, with imperceptible eyebrows and a mere shadow of a moustache. His hair was thin as well as light in color, and his eyes of so pale a color that at times they seemed almost colorless; and he had a trick, natural or acquired, of screening them under rather rather heavy lids. He was in evening dress; a valuable diamond solitaire scintillated in his shirt front, and diamond studs of equal value glistened at his wristbands.

He paused as he saw Bernard Yorke, and a faint smile curved his lips—a very different smile, by the way, to the frank and half-dreamy one with which Bernard Yorke was gazing up and down Piccadilly.

This gentleman was Lord Stoyle, "a man about town," enormously rich, and better known than liked.

"Ah, Yorke," he said—it will be noticed that he did not call him "Bernie"—"not gone yet? I thought you were making for the Winshire's hop?"

His voice was in perfect harmony with his thin figure and spare, fair hair—that is to say it was low and thin and colorless, save for a certain tone of half-weary cynicism, which in some way jarred upon the hearer.

"So I am," said Bernard, and the clear musical tone of his voice contrasted markedly with that of Lord Stoyle. "So I am; but I was having a look at the night. Splendid, isn't it?"

"Y-es," assented Lord Stoyle with a slight drawl. "Moonlight and all that kind of thing isn't much in my way. Don't go in for Nature, don't you know."

"No?" said Bernard.

"No; a green table and a clean pack have ever so many more charms for me than any amount of green meadows and blue skies. By the way, if you are not in a hurry, why not come back and have another flutter?"

He put the question carelessly enough, but his light eyes glanced sideways at the handsome face with an intent look.

Bernard laughed shortly and shook his head.

"No thanks," he said cheerfully. "I've lost enough for to night, and the luck is dead against me. I'll take my revenge from you another time."

Lord Stoyle nodded, and, fixing his eyeglass, glanced listlessly at the endless string of vehicles.

"I didn't think you'd lost much," he drawled.

"Not from your point of view, I daresay," said Bernard, "but I don't happen to roll in money as you do, Stoyle. No, I won't play again to-night. Sometimes—"

He paused and lit another cigarette.

"Well?" said Lord Stoyle, without looking at him.

"Well," and he laughed rather shamefacedly, as a young man will do when he is about to express a virtuous resolution. "Well, sometimes I'm half inclined to cut the cards altogether."

Lord Stoyle smiled, and his lids went down over his light eyes.

"Ye-s," he drawled, with a suspicion of a sneer, "I've heard that kind of thing before. I've made the same resolution myself, scores of times."

"But there's no need for you to chuck them," said Bernard pleasantly. "You always win, or nearly always."

"Not so often as you think," he said listlessly. "Luck goes against me sometimes, as well as other men."

There was a pause, then he said—

"Miss Damerel is staying at the Winshire's still, I suppose?"

He put the question as listlessly, and casually as he had spoken before, but Bernard Yorke's brows came together in something like a frown, as he replied—

"Yes, I suppose so. Yes, she is."

"Ah!" There was another pause; then, as he took out his cigar-case, Lord Stoyle remarked, "Going to be the belle this season, should think. The countess considers her the best of this year's flyers, and is mightily proud of having brought her out. Must say she's more promising than some of the girls the old lady trots from under her wing."

The frown grew more decided on Bernard Yorke's face.

"Getting rather mixed, aren't you, Stoyle?" he said drily. "Which is it you do mean to compare Miss Damerel to—a filly or a chicken?"

Lord Stoyle smiled.

"Beg her pardon," he drawled in his thin voice. "Beg yours, too. Forgot she was a particular friend of yours. No offence. Seen that last photograph of her? Best she's had taken. They say the Prince——"

Bernard pulled out his watch.

"I must be going," he said, as if suddenly reminded of the time. "See you again, Stoyle. You are going to the Winshire's, I suppose?"

Lord Stoyle nodded.

"Y-es," he drawled. "Nuisance; but I promised Miss Damerel."

With a frown on his brow, Bernard Yorke walked down the steps and along Piccadilly.

Not very far from the palatial portals of the Corinthian, was a picture shop. There were no shutters to the windows, and the rows of photographs were visible in the lamplight. He stepped in front of the window and looked at the portraits. In the midst of a group of the Royal Family, the popular actors and actresses, the professional beauties and famous statesmen, was one of a handsome girl with fair hair and dark eyes. She was in evening dress, and held a huge fan of white ostrich feathers, over which the eyes—a little too dark and hard—shone clearly, almost piercingly. At the bottom of the card was written, "Miss Damerel."

Bernard Yorke looked at it thoughtfully, admiringly, as hundreds looked at it daily. Yes, she was very beautiful. Stoyle was right; she would be the belle of the season—the prize pearl of Lady Winshire's bevy.

As he looked at the photograph, Bernard recalled the first occasion on which he had met her.

It was at the opening of the season, the first of Lady Winshire's "small and earlies." He had entered the room rather late, intending to remain for only an hour at most, and was wondering whether he could not make it half an hour, when Lady Winshire touched him on the arm and said—

"Mr. Yorke, I want to introduce you to Miss Damerel."

He had turned with the conventional assumption of eagerness to find a beautiful girl standing beside the countess, and looking at him with the steady regard of the dark eyes with which all London was now familiar. It was not the first beautiful girl he had seen and talked with, and flirted with, but something about her—perhaps it was the eyes themselves—made an instant impression, and he found himself asking for a dance, with an earnestness and eagerness which are rather unusual in these days of languor and general limpness.

Though her card was nearly full, and men were pressing round her for the few vacancies, Bernard got two dances that night and went home—in love?

He did not know. He asked himself the question now, as he stood and looked at the photograph. Was he in love with Felicia Damerel? Did she care for him?

Since that first night they had met almost daily; at balls, at concerts, at the theatre, at "afternoons," which but for her presence would have been the quintessence of boredom. She always seemed pleased to see him, but then she was also equally pleased to see Lord Stoyle—who put in an appearance at all the social functions at which Miss Damerel was present—and equally pleased to see the other men of their set.

It was true that he had once ventured to press the long slim hand, and that she had returned—or he had fancied that she had returned—the slight pressure; but then she might also have shown a like graciousness to Lord Stoyle, and the others who formed a court for her whenever she appeared in public.

He turned from the window at last and went westward towards Lady Winshire's, with the question still unanswered. He did not walk quickly, as a man does who is going to meet the woman he loves, but sauntered along, smoking his cigarette and glancing now and again at the moon with that feeling of perfect satisfaction with things in general which a man blessed with youth and strength and good looks should feel.

The passers by looked after the tall figure and handsome face with envy and admiration according to their sex, and not one of them, any more than he himself, foresaw that within a few minutes, within a few hundred yards, something was going to happen which would change the whole current of his life.

He crossed the road and turned into Mayfair. As he reached the corner of the street in which stood Lady Winshire's house, he saw a girl coming along towards him on the opposite side of the road. Something about her—not her face, for he could not see it distinctly at that distance—something in her figure or the manner of her walking struck him; but so vaguely, that he would not have glanced at her again if it had not happened that at the moment of his first glance she had stepped off the pavement into the road, and that at the same time a hansom cab, tearing along at the usual breakneck pace, had not come bolting round the corner.

She was walking with her head slightly bent, and did not see the cab.

Just as it was upon her, Bernard Yorke shouted warningly. It was an unwise thing to do, for naturally the girl looked towards the spot from whence the shout had come, instead of in the direction of the cab, and she stopped short in the middle of the road.

The next instant the horse was upon her, and she was lying under its feet.

Bernard Yorke, with his cigarette still in his mouth, sprang forward, and seized the horse's bridle close to the bit, and forced it back, the cabman, pulling hard at the same time. The horse reared as high as the check-iron of the cab would permit him, and with commendable presence of mind, and the dexterity of an accomplished athlete, Bernard put his arms round the girl, and—just as if she were a bundle of feathers—lifted her out of the way.

She lay in his arms quite motionless, her eyes closed, her face white as marble, and Bernard Yorke had a confused sense of a sweet oval face, and the glimpse of bronze-gold hair, as the cabman, descending

clumsily from his perch, came forward, stammering in a tone of deepest injury—

"It warn't my fault, guv'nor; she got right afront of the hoss. Is she 'urt? She——" —as he looked with sudden apprehension at the white face lying on Bernard's arm—"she ain't killed?"

"I don't know," said Bernard, without lifting his eyes.

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CHAPTER II.

AN HOUR previously Miss Damerel was standing before her cheval glass in her dressing-room at Lady Winshire's. Standing is, however, scarcely the right expression, for every now and then she turned from the glass, and paced up and down before it with an impatient and angry gait.

In an easy chair sat Lady Winshire herself—a buxom lady, attired in all her war paint, blazing in jewels and carefully rouged and powdered. At a safe distance stood her ladyship's maid, her face wearing a mask of respectful sympathy as she watched that of the beauty, flushed and angry and impatient.

"It is too bad," exclaimed Miss Damerel, "she promised me faithfully that I should have the lace by nine o'clock. It is nearly ten—it must be quite ten, isn't it?"

"It wants five minutes to ten," said the countess, placidly consulting the tiny watch set in her diamond bracelet. It was not the first time, by many, that she had seen a young girl in a "tantrum," and experience enabled her to retain her serenity. "She will be here directly; there's plenty of time. Besides, you can wear another dress, my dear. Don't distress yourself, or you will get flushed and spoil your evening. Why not give her up and let Bowden choose another frock for you?"

Bowden, the maid, murmured agreement respectfully, and went to the wardrobe, but Miss Damerel stopped her with an imperious gesture.

"No; I will wear this! No other dress suits me so well. I particularly wanted to wear this one to night. And it only wants the lace. She promised it! How I hate the lower orders! One can never rely on them. Their word is worth nothing. If I had my way——"

"The girl would be whipped, I dare say," put in Lady Winshire with a smile. "But as you cannot order her a knouting, hadn't you better select another dress? You can't wear that one without the lace, and the lace is not here."

Miss Damerel paced to and fro, her dark eyes flashing angrily. "I will give her another five minutes," she said. "If she does not come by that time I will wear something else but——" She set her white, even teeth, and clenched her hand. "She shall never have any other work from me—never!"

The countess smiled and yawned behind her fan.

"Don't make rash vows, my dear," she said placidly. "No one understands old lace so well as this girl, and she is so wonderfully cheap. If you had sent it to Madame Cerise she would have charged you——" —"me!" the good-natured old lady might with truth have said, for Felicia Damerel was a "poor relation" of hers, and she found the sinews of the war which the proud but penniless beauty was waging—"would have charged you twenty guineas. This girl's bill will only amount to as many shillings."

The roll of carriage wheels ascended to the room, and the countess rose.

"The people are coming," she said, "and I must go down. Wait for five minutes longer, and then put on something else."

Just as she was leaving the room a maid knocked at the door.

"The young person with the lace, my lady," she said, and made way for a young girl to enter.

She was very young, not more than nineteen; a slim, graceful girl with a pale face, from which shone dark violet eyes. They were wonderful eyes, shadowed by dark lashes which matched, though they were of a darker shade, the deep bronze-colored hair that framed the clear oval of her face and lent a subtle charm to ivory pallor.

Had she been attired in the dress which lay outspread on a chair by the cheval glass she would have so eclipsed the beautiful Miss Damerel that no one would, in the presence of this violet-eyed girl, have bestowed a second glance on the popular beauty; but the possessor of the bronze-gold hair was clad in a cheap black merino, which was almost nun like in its simplicity, and the hair itself was nearly hidden by a plain black hat.

As she entered she glanced round the luxurious room, with its hangings of rose-pink, its elaborately-gilded cornice and costly furniture, then she stood silently waiting to be addressed.

And yet, though she stood thus silently, there was nothing abject or mean in her attitude. On the contrary, there was a certain quiet dignity which impressed not only Bowden, the maid, but Miss Damerel, her mistress, who eyed the girl with angry resentment.

"You are late, Miss Grey," she said imperiously. "You said you would be here at nine, and it is now ten o'clock. The ball has commenced, or will do so directly, and I am not yet dressed," and she extended her fair, bare arms dramatically.

The girl untied a cardboard box which she carried.

"I am very sorry," she said, the low music of her voice accentuated by contrast with the passionate one of the beauty. "I had an accident with the lace. It got torn, and I had to mend it."

"Torn! Then I suppose it is ruined?" said Miss Damerel.

"No," said the sweet, low voice, "it is not injured. I have mended it so that no one could detect the tear, even with a microscope."

"So you say," came the angry retort. "Where is it? Let me see! I think you have behaved very badly, Miss Grey. If I had sent it to Madame Cerise—and I wish I had done so—I should have had it back in time and uninjured."

The girl took the priceless lace from the box and unfolded it carefully.

"It is not injured; that is, no one would know," she said. "I have copied the original so closely. It has taken me hours."

"It was your own fault," broke in Miss Damerel. "Bowden, stitch it on as quickly as you can. I suppose, Miss Grey, you do not expect any more work from me or Lady Winshire?"

The girl made no response, but stood watching the maid as she stitched the lace on the dress.

"I think you have disappointed me shamefully," went on Miss Damerel; "and I shall take care to tell all my friends of your—your carelessness."

"I am very sorry," said the girl, without raising her eyes from the maid's swift fingers. Then suddenly she said, "Pardon me, that is not right; the broad piece should go in front, not behind."

"What?" demanded Miss Damerel. "What do you mean?"

The girl went to the maid, and took the lace and dress from her hand.

"It should go this way, I think," she said, quietly. "Perhaps, if you put the dress on, I could arrange it for you."

Miss Damerel hesitated a second, then signed to the maid, and the dress was put on.

With deft fingers the girl arranged the lace, and as she did so Miss Damerel surveyed herself in the cheval glass, and began to smile complacently.

"Yes, you are right," she said, but with evident reluctance; "you appear to have some taste. I suppose you are accustomed to this sort of thing?"

"Yes," said the girl, suppressing a sigh, "I have studied it from old engravings. This piece should gather round the bosom of the dress so," and she arranged it as deftly as before.

The beautiful Miss Damerel vouchsafed no single word of thanks.

"I am fearfully late," was all she said. "Make haste, please! Have you finished? Very well. You will send in your bill to Lady Winshire, and please remember that if you hope to retain our patronage you must be very punctual."

She cast a last glance at the glass, which reflected her beautiful face and figure, and swept out of the room.

Without a word the other girl took up the empty box, and turned to depart. Bowden, a respectable, good-hearted woman, who had not, strange to say, resented Miss Grey's interference, looked at the pale face pityingly.

"Would you like a glass of wine, Miss Grey?" she said, with simple kindness; "you look tired like. If you'll come down with me to the housekeeper's room, you could drink your wine and rest before you go back."

"Thank you, but I must not stay," said the sweet voice. "Though I am rather tired, and would like to rest; but I never drink wine."

The refusal was made gently enough, but with a certain quiet dignity which rendered it impossible for Bowden to urge the request.

"It was a pity about the lace," she said. "Miss Damerel was awfully put out; but you mustn't mind her. She's hot-tempered, and likes everything her own way, like most ladies. You must be very clever at lace-making to have mended it so nicely, I suppose it took an awful lot of time?"

"Yes, I sat up all last night," said Miss Grey, simply.

"Did you, now? And such trying work! I don't know how you do it," she glanced at the girl's shapely hands, white as wax. "I suppose it's a knack. Well, good-night, Miss Grey, if you're sure you won't rest a bit and try a glass of wine; it will be of the best, you may be sure!"

"No, thank you very much. Good-night," said the girl.

She went down the stairs, her light step scarcely denting the thickly-piled carpet, and passed through the superbly-decorated hall into the street.

She was tired, and walked slowly; she was sad, and went on with dreamily lowered eyes. Between fashionable Mayfair and her home, down by the river, stretched a weary length of streets. She scarcely noticed the beauty of the night. It is only the rich and the leisurely who have time to appreciate Nature's finer moods, and she walked on wondering how soon she dared send in her small bill to Lady Winshire, and how long it would be before the countess remembered to pay it.

Then suddenly, as she stepped off the curb into the road, she heard a shout. She looked up, startled, to see a tall gentleman in evening dress gesticulating to her, felt something rush upon her, and remembered no more until, opening her eyes, she saw a handsome face above her, and heard a man's voice, deep and thrilling with manly sympathy, say—

"Are you much hurt?"

As Bernard put the question, he noticed, for the first time, distinctly, the strange loveliness of the face that lay against his breast, and his beauty startled him.

At some time, and somewhere—in a picture gallery, perhaps—he had seen a picture like her; but the painting, beautiful as it was, lacked the expression of the violent eyes now raised to his, and affecting him in a subtle way he could not have explained.

He looked from her face to her hands, her dress, and instantly the impression which had struck him at first—the conjecture that she was one of the waifs of the streets—fled, disappeared for ever. For the violet eyes were the eyes of a pure, good women. The white stainless soul seemed to shine through them.

"Are you better?" he asked, as gently as only a man can speak when he addresses a helpless woman.

She put her hand to her head, and as she withdrew it he saw that it was stained with blood.

"I am afraid you are hurt," he said apprehensively.

"N-o—no, I am not hurt, I think," she replied with a sigh. "What has happened?"

"A cab"—he began; then it occurred to him that a detailed description of the accident would not help her to recover. "Nothing much, I hope," he said. "Do you feel faint still? If I could get something for you——"

She opened her eyes—they had closed again—and, seeming to realize her position, withdrew from his arms, a faint blush rising to her pale cheeks, which her long lashes swept shamefacedly.

"No, no; thank you, thank you. I am quite well now. I—I suppose the cab knocked me down. No, I am not hurt, I am sure," and she took a step from him, as if about to go on her way; but Bernard drew her arm within his, respectfully enough but firmly.

"Wait a moment or two," he said very gently. "You are not recovered sufficiently; you are not strong enough to walk. There, you see!"

For as he made the assertion, she swayed slightly, and all unconsciously her delicate fingers closed upon his arm. The pressure of her hand thrilled him, though he did not know it, or recall the thrill until afterwards.

"See here," he said. "You must let me take you home."

"No, no," she said, raising her eyes, with a half frightened look in them. "No, I am quite able."

"Indeed you are not," he said firmly. "I will drive home with you, if you will allow me; indeed you must permit me to do so. You are still faint and weak and—well, I don't know whether you are hurt or not."

"I am not hurt," she said. "I think it is the fright. And the giddiness will go off in a moment or two. I could not think—oh, no, indeed."

With a young man's masterfulness—we grow meeker as we grow older, Bernard signed to the cabman to mount the box. Then he took the girl's arm and led her to the cab. She drew back for a moment, then with a sigh yielded. He almost lifted her in.

"Lean back and rest," he said. "Tell me where to drive to."

She hesitated again, then said, with downcast eyes, with no trace of the shyness which is so indicate of vulgarity—

"Number two Eden Place, Chelsea, if—if you will."

"Yes, I will," he said with a faint smile, and he gave the address to the cabman, adding in a lower and sterner voice, "and drive quietly; do you hear?" then got into the cab beside her.

She leant back, her eyes closed, her hand supporting her head. He noticed the hand, as Bowden had done. No lady of his acquaintance had a whiter or more shapely one. It reminded him of a delicate white flower, as it nestled against the rich auburn hair.

But he did not stare at or watch her, but looked straight in front of him in silence. Presently they passed a chemist's shop. He hailed the cabman to stop, sprang out quietly, and in a few minutes returned with a medicine glass of sal volatile.

"Drink this" he said, putting it into her hand. She opened her eyes, and obeyed him without a word.

"It will revive you," he said, as he tossed the glass to the chemist, and re-entered the cab.

She murmured a "Thank you," and in a few minutes her hand came down from her head, and she leant forward slightly. He could see by the expression of her face that she was only just recovering full possession of her senses.

"Better?" he said, "Capital thing, sal volatile. Now, if you find you are really not hurt in any way, you'll be all right. The way these fellows dash about the streets is simply shameful. I ought to pull him up before a magistrate to-morrow, and by George, if it were not that it would bother you, I'd do it!"

"No, no," she said, "it doesn't matter. It was all my fault. I was not looking out. I have never been run over before, and yet I go about London so much. Perhaps that is why I was so careless."

"The streets are not safe for a lady alone," he said. "Some of these days they'll knock over a Prime Minister or a County Councillor, and there will be a fuss and a general alteration. Do you always go about alone?"

The question sounded—and was—abrupt, and he was sorry, the moment after it had left his lips, that he had put it.

But she replied quite simply—

"Yes, always. I am used to it."

The cab had brought them within sight of the great river, shining brightly and deeply in the flood of moonlight, and presently, after some hesitation, came to a standstill before one of a small row of house.

They were old-fashioned cottagy little places, with a narrow strip of garden in front of them. The one before which they stopped was odorous with wallflower and stocks.

"Is this the house?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

He helped her out, holding her as gently and firmly as before. She drew her arm from his, and laid her hand on the little iron gate.

"Thank you," she said, lifting her sad eyes to his with frank gratitude. "You have been very kind. Thank you, and—and good night."

She made him no offer of her hand, and when Bernard extended his she hesitated a moment and flushed faintly as she put hers into it. His strong fingers closed over it, and he held it.

"I have done nothing—nothing," he said. She looked at him with shy, grateful contradiction in the violet eyes.

"Nothing!" he repeated emphatically. "I am sure you would have done the same for me. I only hope that you are not worse than you say. I see that your head is cut."

"Not badly," she said. "It has stopped bleeding."

"Perhaps"—he hesitated, but did not remove his eyes from hers, which seemed to hold him as the Wedding Guest was held by the Ancient Mariner in the poem—"perhaps you will allow me to call to-morrow, and ask——"

"Oh, no, no," she said, quickly. "It—it is not necessary. Good night."

"May I not?" he said, with evident disappointment. "At any rate you will—you won't mind—will you tell me your name?"

She looked aside for a second, then met his eyes again.

"My name is Grey," she said.

As she spoke the door opened, and a man

stood silhouetted against the light in the passage.

"Nance! Is that you?" he called out in a thick, husky voice—the voice that is best described as "beery." "What the deuce makes you so late? Hallo!" He broke off, evidently seeing the cab and Bernard.

The girl started slightly, murmured "Good-night," and opened the gate, saying hurriedly—

"It is I, father. It is all right."

Bernard was turning to re-enter the cab, but thought that he had better wait in case the father should have any questions to ask. The sight of the man, the sound of his voice, had given him an unpleasant start.

"Eh?" he heard him say. "Who is it? What's the matter?"

Then he came down to the gate, and stared at Bernard questioningly.

By the light of the cab lamps Bernard saw a common-looking man, with the kind of face which the habitual—though not necessarily heavy—toper, acquires.

He stared at Bernard with yellow, bulbous eyes, and thick, half-parted lips, and seemed to wait for an explanation of his presence.

"Good evening," said Bernard. "Miss Grey has met with an accident. I was fortunate enough to be near, and she allowed me to bring her home. I trust she is not hurt; but her head is cut, and I think a doctor should see her as soon as possible."

The man's eyes roamed over Bernard with a kind of covert, cunning scrutiny. He had noted the evening dress, and the fact that the speaker was a gentleman—a "swell," as he would have put it—and his manner changed to a deferential civility, that yet had something of defiant braggadocio in it.

"An accident?" he said. "It's very kind of you, sir—very kind indeed. We're very much obliged to you. Won't you step in? Pray step in for a minute. I—er—haven't expressed my thanks in—a—er—proper manner. Pray step in. Our 'ome is 'umble; but come in, sir; come in."

Bernard, without glancing at the pale face at the door, knew that it was saying "No" as plainly as her lips had said it outside the gate; and he shook his head.

"Thank you very much, but I will not come in to-night. Perhaps Miss Grey will permit me to inquire to-morrow——"

"Oh, come in, come in," said the man, and he laid a thick hand on Bernard's arm. "You've saved my daughter's life, sir, and we really can't let you go without——"

Bernard did not know what to do. The man's hand half held, half dragged him in. And he wanted to go in!

In another instant he would have yielded to the man's pressure and his own desire, but before he could take a step the girl's light figure came towards them.

"No," she said in a low, agitated voice. "Go, please! Please go! Father!"

The man turned to her with a mixture of anger and deference hard to describe, but which struck Bernard acutely.

"Not to-night," he said. "Good-night. Good-night, Miss Grey."

The wonderful eyes thanked him, though no word left her lips, and Bernard, as he leapt into the cab and was driven off, saw them still—saw them, felt them, resting upon him all the way, through the dull, seedy streets of the riverside suburb, all the way across the park. And they still haunted him, as he went up the steps of Lady Winshire's house to meet Felicia Damerel.

## CHAPTER III.

STILL thinking of Nance Grey, Bernard Yorke went up the staircase to Lady Winshire's ball-room. The countess, standing near the door to receive her guests, greeted him with her genial smile.

"I said 'early,' Mr. Yorke," she said. "But better late than never, though you don't deserve to get a dance."

"I'll go away again, if that will atone, Lady Winshire," he said.

"Oh, you'd better stay now you are here," she retorted, with her pleasant laugh, and she passed on.

The ballroom was full, a waltz was in progress. Bernard sauntered about, on the edge of the revolving couples, nodding to one and another, and looking round rather absently.

Presently Felicia Damerel passed him. She was dancing with Lord Stoyle, and looked superbly handsome in the "Worth" dress, and Bernard noticed and admired the antique lace with which it was adorned, little guessing that Nance Grey's hands had arranged it. The beauty saw him, and suddenly her eyes, which a moment before had been rather hard and cold, lightened and softened, and the color rose to her face as she nodded to him with a smile.

As she did so, Bernard, all unconsciously, found himself comparing her with the girl whom he had snatched from under the cab, and Felicia Damerel's beauty, rich as it was, paled before the sweet loveliness of Nance Grey.

He was not in the humor for dancing, and he joined a group in one of the recesses and entered into the conversation.

They were mostly young people of the "smart" kind, and their talk was of nothing but pleasure, past and to come. They were planning a drive on a four-in-hand to Richmond for the following day, and there was a good deal of laughter and joking. Bernard was included in the party as a matter of course, and was asked to drive—for he was a famous whip—but though he was usually quite as ready as the others for such outings, he seemed this evening to be rather indifferent.

"Afraid I'm engaged to morrow," he said. "Anyway, I won't promise to drive you—I'll turn up if I can."

"You speak and look as if you had all the business of the nation on your shoulders, Mr. Yorke," said one young girl, a pretty, bright little thing, Lady Fanny Howard, the daughter of a very strict and religious old peer, who daily groaned over his "fast" daughter, but was far prouder of her than he would have been if she were a saint. "Now, don't be disagreeable, but come."

"Who is disagreeable?" asked a voice behind them. "Not Mr. Yorke, surely?" And Felicia Damerel came up on the arm of Lord Stoyle. "I always thought he was one of the best-tempered men in the world."

"Don't you be deceived, Miss Damerel," said Bernard, with mock gravity. "I'm really a perfect bear, only I conceal it with admirable art."

She sank into a seat and leant back.

"Don't let me keep you, Lord Stoyle," she said. "I know you are engaged for this dance."

Lord Stoyle took his conge with perfect composure and made his bow, but as he turned away he glanced sideways, and with anything but an amiable expression, at Bernard Yorke, who had seated himself beside the beauty. The others moved away presently and left the two alone. The warm flush that had risen to Felicia Damerel's face at sight of Bernard Yorke remained on it, and her lips were curved with a smile that softened them very pleasantly.

"What a crowd it is!" she said, looking dreamily at the ballroom. "But aren't you dancing—haven't you a partner?"

"No," he said, with something like a start, for his thoughts were still wandering Nance Grey's way. "No; I have only just come in;" then he looked at her with more attention. "Will you think me very rude if I admire your dress, Miss Damerel?" he said, with the audacity which, somehow, never offends women.

"On the contrary," she said, the color deepening, her smile flashing upon him; "I feel tremendously flattered. It is not often you men honor us by noticing our clothes."

"No; I suppose we don't; we are awful idiots," he said. "But it is a pretty dress. Isn't that very handsome lace?"

She glanced down at it, and smoothed it with her fan.

"Yes, it is rather," she assented. "It is very old. Do you like the way it is arranged?"

"Yes, very much," he said. "I think that is what struck me."

She didn't say how it had come to be arranged so artistically, or who had done it.

"It has been in our family a long time. I suppose it belonged to some one of my ancestresses who possessed money. It must have been a long while ago, for I don't remember any member of our family with money." She shrugged her shoulders with a kind of proud indifference.

"I've seen something like it at home," said Bernard, in a slightly lower tone. "It must have been amongst my mother's things. There are some old boxes of them at the Hall."

"How delightful those old boxes of antique relics are!" she said, sympathetically. "I suppose the Hall—you mean your father's place in Sparshire, don't you?—is very interesting? Lady Winshire says that it is a most charming specimen of antiquity."

Bernard nodded dreamily.

"It's pretty old," he said, modestly. "Yes, it's interesting enough. Of course I'm fond of it," he added, apologetically.

"Why, of course," she added in the tone which invites a continuation of the subject. She was in truth very curious about and interested in anything connected with Bernard Yorke. "Do you spend much time there?"

"No," he answered with a touch of regret and self reproach. "Not nearly so much as I ought to do. I run down now and again for the shooting, and at Christmas."

"And they kill the fatted calf for you with much rejoicing, no doubt," she said. "There is only your father, is there?"

"Only my father," he said, very quietly. "My mother died when I was a youngster, and I have no brothers or sisters. Yes, my father lives all alone. He must find it dull—but no, he is never dull," and he broke into a short laugh. "I should like you to know him, Miss Damerel. He is the jolliest, gayest-hearted man in England. There's Irish blood on his side of the family, and he is as light and cheery as if he had just come from the Emerald Isle."

"I should like to know him," she said, in a low voice. "Does he come up to town often?"

"Not very often. He just 'runs up for a spree,' dear old governor, now and again. I never know when he is coming, or when he is going back. But I'm boring you with my family details. Shall we dance the remainder of this?"

She rose at once, and they went into the ballroom. Bernard danced well—there was scarcely any physical exercise in which he did not excel—and Felicia Damerel's heart beat with a sense of deep enjoyment as, holding her lightly, and yet firmly, he steered her skilfully through the throng.

"How well you keep step!" she said in a voice scarcely above a murmur.

He laughed.

"I was just going to say the same to you," he said. "What a difference it makes when one gets a nice partner, doesn't it?"

"Thank you!" she said with a smile, "I would bow for that pretty compliment if I were free. What divine music? What a pity life cannot be one long waltz to the strains of the Hungarian Band!" and she sighed faintly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS THE "TWO TOOTH?"—In nothing is the prevalent utilization of waste more wonderfully exemplified than in connection with the slaughtering of animals for the food of man.

To take two simple things—the succulent dish known as tripe may be expected to become much rarer than it is, for during the last two years a most beautiful kind of leather has been made out of tripe. Then, it would surprise many to know that the sausage-skin trade alone is a lucrative and important one, with its great companies and influential boards of directors which bring over whole shiploads of the skins from the chief cattle slaying districts, and supply millions of such skins to the whole of Europe.

But perhaps the most remarkable of the articles of this kind is—as we are assured by a correspondent who is himself in the trade—the second tooth that lambs get, a beautifully white tooth very like that of a human being, and known universally to those in the trade as the "two-tooth."

Thousands upon thousands of these lambs teeth are sold to manufacturing dentists, especially to those of this country, whose establishments they leave to adorn the mouths of ladies; for in size and shape they are, as a rule, better fitted to the female than to the male mouth. No artificial teeth look so well, and the manufacturers pay for them about two dollars a dozen wholesale.

QUEER GRATITUDE.—Among the free laborers who worked side by side with the French convicts at Toulon was an Italian, who brought them extra food and addressed them like human beings, talking of his family, wife and home. But the Italian's gaiety suddenly left him, and it came out that he was sorely pressed for money. One of the convicts who had heard this presently announced his intention of making his escape. He confided his plan to the Italian, and got him to promise to visit him in a hiding-place he knew of, well beyond the town. The convict escaped in due course and the Italian came to him, when to the latter's astonishment, the convict said—"Now, I give myself up to you. My capture will bring you the reward—500 francs—and that will help you out of your difficulties." For a long time the Italian stoutly refused to take advantage of the fugitive's self-sacrifice, but at last yielded to the other's persuasion and took back the prisoner. Some time afterward this became known to the prison authorities, and the punishment for escape was remitted.

# Bric-a-Brac.

STOCKINGS.—Stockings are first mentioned in literature as being already worn about the year 1100. They are alluded to as a great invention and far superior to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

THE SKULL.—Anatomists to separate the bones of a skull frequently fill it with small beans and place the whole in a basin of water. The beans swell and slowly slit the skull. The force which beans are capable of exerting under these conditions is equivalent to the average pressure in the boiler of a steam engine.

LAVENDER.—Among low-growing shrubs, the common garden lavender deserves a place in gardens. It is an evergreen bush, with greenish gray leaves, usually reaching two feet in height. The flowers of a lavender-blue, of course, are not showy, but always interest by their sweet perfume. It is of the easiest culture.

AN ILL OMENED HOUSE.—In Ledyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than one hundred deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic.

THE OPANG-UTANG.—The nest of a orang-utang taken from a tree at Borneo has been placed in the Natural History Museum at Berlin. The nest, which was situated about 30 ft. from the ground, in the crutch of a tree 45 ft. high and about 1 ft. in diameter, measures 4¼ ft. long, and 1 ft. to 2½ ft. wide, by about 7 in. high. It is made of branches locked and twined together, and is large enough for a fully-grown orang-utang to lie in it at full length.

BOUNDARIES.—The boundary line between the United States and Mexico is marked by a marble slab, and has long been a point of interest to visitors. It has become so mutilated from the attacks of relic hunting vandals that its original form is well nigh lost, and it has been taken to San Diego to be redressed. It will be inclosed in the future by a fence of steel pickets, twelve feet square, to protect it, and a law has been enacted by the Legislature making it a penal offense to mutilate monuments.

CENTURIES AGO.—The present method of tinning fish, flesh, fowl, and everything else that is edible, was suggested to two wide-awake Yankees, who chanced to discover, in the ruins at Pompeii, a number of jars of preserved figs. They were tried and found to be in excellent condition, and further examination showed that the fruit had been placed in the jars in a heated state—an aperture being left for the steam to escape—and finally sealed down with wax. So now, when we eat tinned salmon, apricots, lobsters or tomatoes, we are simply profiting by the experience of people who existed nearly twenty centuries ago.

MARRIAGE IN BURMAH.—Marriage among the Burmese is a most peculiar institution, and the "marriage knot" is very easily undone. If two persons are tired of each other's society, they dissolve partnership in the following simple and touching, but conclusive manner. They respectively light two candles, and, shutting up their hut, sit down and wait until they are burned. The one whose candle burns out first gets up at once and leaves the house for ever, taking nothing but the clothes he or she may have on at the time; all else then becomes the property of the other party.

PRONOUNCE THEM.—A correspondent sends a clipping from an English Church paper, giving a list of vacant benefices. In the diocese of Bangor the following jaw-breakers are mentioned: "Dwygfylchi-cum-Penmaenmawr, V. Gross value £1,500, net value £1,380 and house; pop. 2747. Patron—A. Evill. Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerych wyrndrobwllllysiliogogogoch-cum-Llandisilio, R. Gross value £940 and glebe, net value £770 and house; pop. 2633. Patron—The Bishop. Llechcynfarwy, V. Gross value £940, net value £835 and house; pop. 1790. Patron—The Bishop. Pentraeth-cum-Llanbedrgoch, P. C. Gross value £1,440, net value £1,060 and house; pop. 7208. Patron—The Bishop."

SILLICUS: "I do hate to walk on these slippery pavements." Cynicus: "Never mind, old chap, there's a good time coming. There won't be any ice in the next world." And now Sillicus is wondering what he meant.

### LONG AND FONDLY.

BY R. H.

Long and fondly have I loved thee,
Fondly will I love thee still;
Not the blasts of Fate can ever
Fond Affection's bosom chill.

As upon the trembling blossoms
Happy rests the toiling bee,
So my Mary's heaving bosom
Yields a couch of bliss to me.

Long and fondly have I loved her,
Loved with love no change that knows;
Every hour new lilies she yieldeth
Fresh as morning's fragrant rose.

Love is pencilled on her brow,
On her lips, it smileth there;
In her eyes how soft it glitters,
Choicest of the chosen fair!

# IN SILKEN CHAINS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," ETC.

## CHAPTER XLI.

THANE leant against a tree, his face pale and haggard, his hand thrust into his waistcoat, and pressed against his heart. It beat slowly and sluggishly, with every now and then a feverish throb, as some word or look of Lady Sybil's scornful renunciation of him flashed through his mind.

Heaven! How he had loved her, how he loved her still! And he had thought that she loved him as he loved her. What a fool he had been to be so deceived. It was the heir to the Chesney earldom and lands she loved. Well, he must keep the place he had usurped; he must still hold all that he had stolen, hold it in spite of all, in spite of the real Lord Norman, in spite of—yes, of Mary Marshall. As he thought of her as he listened to her approaching footsteps his face grew dark and malignant, and an evil light crept into his eyes. All else he might fight, and hope to overcome, but what was he to do with her? Half mechanically his hand went to the revolver in his pocket, and he was still fingering it when she came up beside him.

"Harry, it is you!" she said, in a low, tremulous voice.

"Yes it's I, of course," he said. "You have come at last. You're late, aren't you?" he added, but quite at random, for he had no idea of the time.

"No," she said, "it is before the time; but I thought I would come and wait if you were not here. Oh, Harry, I wish you were as glad to see me as I am to see you!" and she clasped her hands on his arms, and looked up into his face with the look a woman's face wears when hungering for the kiss of the man she loves.

"I'm glad to see you, of course," he said, touching her forehead with his lips. "Have—have you settled everything? Is everything arranged?"

"Yes," she said, with a sigh. "It has been a hard struggle, a terrible business, but it is done. Harry, you are safe; at least, you will be if you leave England at once. And you will, won't you? We will go to—to"—she put her hand to her head. "There is some place where they can't—can't arrest you, is there? Some place in Mexico, where we can live buried from the world. Oh! Harry, if you will only trust yourself to me, all will be well, even now, and we shall be happy."

"That's all right," he said, with a short, forced laugh. "Of course I'll trust myself to you. Why, dash it, I can't do anything else, can I? But how did you manage it—whom did you see?"

"I saw Miss Gordon. Oh, Harry, how cruelly you—we—have wronged her, as well as Lord Norman! My heart has ached for her ever since I knew—what I know. But all her troubles are over now. She will be married to him, and be as happy as she deserves." Her eyes filled with tears. "She was very good and gentle and kind to me, Harry. She treated me like a sister, she kissed me——"

Her voice broke, choked by her emotion.

He nodded. While he was listening to her he could hear Lady Sybil's voice. "You common criminal!" rang in his ears.

"Never mind them," he said. "We have got quite enough to do to think of ourselves. Come farther into the wood; someone might see us."

He led the way to a spot where the trees grew thicker. A half stagnant pond lay shimmering in the cloudy moonlight. Mary looked round and shuddered, and put her hand timidly on his arm.

"This is my plan, Harry," she said. "You must start to-night."

"To-night?" he said, in a dull, vacant way, his eyes fixed on the pond.

"Yes; there is no time to lose. I—I have brought some money; I thought that perhaps you might not have enough. It is not much, but it is all I could save; and it will pay our passage across."

He nodded, as she pressed a shabby purse into his hand.

"You seem to have thought of everything, old girl," he said, with a ghastly smile.

She smiled with dog-like affection up in his face.

"It is not hard for me to think, when the thinking is for you, Harry dear," she said. "But you will go, will you not—and at once? I think it will be better for you to start alone. I can join you at Liverpool to-morrow night. We will the take first vessel that sails. You need not fear pursuit, for I have their promise——"

He started slightly. His brain was confused. How was it possible for him to be calm and self-possessed with Sybil's voice drumming through his brain?

"Their promise?" he said. "Ah, yes. That confession; what do you call it? Just let me look at it, and see what you've said."

She looked at him fixed, deprecatingly.

"The confession?" she faltered. Surely he understood that she had parted with it? She looked at his face, and dared not tell him the truth. Alas! "Presently, Harry," she said. "Let us talk of your flight. You must go now. We might be seen. Besides, I shall not be able to breathe freely until you have really started. You have the money. Say good-bye now, and make your way to Liverpool. I will join you there, and—and—oh, Harry! let us pray to God that we may begin a better and a happier life!"

She laid her heavy head on his breast, and clung to him, the tears running down her face. He put his arm round her, but still kept his eyes fixed on the pond. Sybil's voice was still ringing in his ears. Lose her? No; not if he had to wade through blood!

"Good-bye, Harry — for only a few hours!" she murmured. "I am not afraid, great as the danger is, for something seems to whisper to me that all the sad, miserable days are passing away, and that I shall be at rest and happy at last. You will keep your promise, Harry?"—her voice grew almost inaudible. "I—I will make you a good wife"—her lips were close to his ear, her accents full of piteous, entreating, and yet protecting, love. "I will forgive all the past, all I have suffered, and—and only remember that you have turned to me at last; and loved me—at last!"

"All right," he said, in a strange, vacant voice. "Better go now. I'll meet you at Liverpool. Oh, yes, we shall be happy enough; you're not a bad sort, and I think you really do care for me."

A smile beautified her wan face as she lifted it to him, and she kissed him on the lips twice, then withdrew herself from his arm—which did not detain her, but released her readily enough—and went quickly from his side down the narrow path, through the withered bracken.

He looked after her dully, vacantly, for an instant, as if he suddenly realized that she was escaping him; then he pulled out the revolver, aimed it, and fired.

She stopped, threw up her arms, and, with a faint scream, fell on her face.

He stood for a moment, looking from the smoking revolver to the prone figure in a dazed fashion; then he sprang forward, and kneeling by her side, raised her head, shuddering as he touched her.

It was not the first time he had looked on death, and death inflicted by his own hand, and he saw at a glance that the wound was a fatal one.

She opened her eyes after a minute or two had passed, and fixed them on him with much agony of reproach.

"The confession—where is it?" he demanded hoarsely. "Give it to!"

She shook her head feebly.

He set his teeth, and hissed through them. "I want it; I will have it! Where is it?"

As he spoke he searched her pocket. There was no paper there, and his eyes fastened on the bosom of her dress.

She shook her head again, and painfully opened her lips. "It—it has gone," she faltered, her voice thick under the pressure of Death's fingers. "I—I gave it to—to them—to-day."

"Curse you!" he hissed, starting back, and staring from right to left, as if he already heard the voices and footsteps of his pursuers. "Curse you for a fool! You gave it to them?"

"Yes," she panted. "Oh, Harry, it was all false, then? You—you did not love me?"

"Love you!" he laughed. "Love you! I hated you; hated you! It was for the love of another woman——"

A broken bough fell near him; he started and shivered. A deep sigh broke from her lips, through which a thin stream of blood was running; her life's blood, for the bullet had reached the lungs.

"God forgive you, Harry!" she moaned. "God forgive you—as I forgive you—and save you! You have killed me too late, Harry, too late."

He started to his feet and stood staring down at her. Her eyes closed, and a faint shudder convulsed her; but, as if with a final effort, she looked up at him again and pointed to her bosom.

"There is—is something here, Harry. Take—take it and fly! Quick, quick!" Her voice rose to a wail at the word, but died away at its repetition.

He unfastened her dress and took out the paper Madge and Mr. Levi had signed.

"It—it may save you yet!" she panted. "Take it, and—and go! Good-bye, Harry. Remember, I—I forgive you!"

Clutching the paper, he kneeled beside her, his ashen white, his eyes almost startling from his head. With a hand that shook like the wind-swayed boughs of the leafless trees above him, he felt her heart. It had ceased to beat; she was dead. At rest and, God grant, happy at last!

"I must hide it," he muttered thickly, as if he were speaking to someone else—to the Spirit of Murder hovering near, perhaps. "I must hide it!"

His eyes, as he stared this way and that, fell on the pool, and, with a shudder that convulsed his shaking frame, he raised the body in his arms, and carrying it to the bank, pushed and slid it amidst the weeds and lilies into the stagnant water. Then he kneeled and bathed his face and hands, and, with averted eyes, went quickly but shrinkingly through the wood.

Out in the open, beneath the hurrying clouds, and in the fresh air, he paused a moment to think.

All was over. He had lost, by his cruel and treacherous deed, even the chance of safety she had bought for him. He must, after all, relinquish Sybil to gain whom he had committed even murder; he must fly, and at once. He tore open the shabby purse, and poured the contents into his shaking hands. There was more than enough, he judged, to pay his outward passage to America. He dropped it into his pocket with an oath.

Up at the Chase—the great house where he had reigned as lord and master, but which he had now lost for ever—there was money and jewels. Would there be time to get them? He pondered, his head clasped in his hands. Yes, he would chance it.

Days, weeks might elapse before anyone happened to discover that awful something in the pool in the heart of the wood. Yes, he would go to the Chase, and get what he could. It would be easier to escape if he were provided with money, and with plenty of money he might lead a life of comfort and luxury; but even as he thought of the future he groaned and wrung his hands. What future could he look forward to now that he had lost Sybil?

## CHAPTER XLII.

HE walked rapidly, like a man in a dream, to the Chase, and, unlocking the door from the garden, entered his den. It was dark, and he lit a match and a candle and looked around. The sight of the safe reminded him of the lock of hair, the handkerchief, the diary. It would be well to destroy them. But, with the key in his hand, he paused. There was no time for anything but the securing of money and what jewels he could find. Listening for a moment or two at the outer door of the room, and hearing all quiet, he went through the hall and upstairs. Only a few days ago he had drawn several hundreds from the bank, and the notes were in his bureau. He got them, and thrust them in his pocket-book, then looked out his diamond stud and pins—he had been lavished in the matter of his own trinklets—and put them with the notes. Then he remembered that in a leather-covered safe in the earl's room reposed some of the family jewels—enough of them to represent several thousand pounds. The earl still kept the key of this casket, though he had surrendered all else to the supposed Lord Norman. It would not be difficult to get it from him; it must be got, anyway—by force, if necessary. With noiselessly, stealthy steps he left the room, and treading on tiptoe along the corridor, entered the earl's.

The old man was seated in a huge chair beside the fire, sitting bolt upright, though his eyes were closed. Thane glanced at him, and seeing that he was asleep, went straight for the casket, which stood in a corner of the room. The safe was locked, and, though he had expected it, he shook the handle impatiently. As he did so he heard the weird, guttural sound which had taken the place of speech with the stricken old man, and he turned with a start to find the earl's dark, piercing eyes fixed on him. He went up to him, and laying his hand roughly on his shoulder, pointed to the casket.

"The key!", he said abruptly, fiercely. The earl, with his eyes still fixed on him, shook his head.

"Don't you understand, you old fool!" cried Thane brutally. "I want the key. You've got it, I know. Out with it, and sharp. I've got no time to lose."

The earl shook his head again and muttered an inarticulate sound, of refusal and defiance, as it seemed to Thane.

He pressed the palsied shoulder with brutal force and shook the emaciated figure.

"Curse you, be quick!" he hissed. "I want the key. Why the deuce do you hesitate? What's the good of the thing to you, you helpless old corpse! The key—the key!"

The earl raised his trembling hand as if to push him off, but Thane struck it aside, and, forcing him back into the chair, searched the pockets of his dressing-gown. He found the key almost immediately, and held it up with a harsh laugh.

"You old fool! It's well for you I've got it without further trouble or——" Murder gleamed in his eyes as he sprang to the casket and unlocked it.

The jewels were, some of them, enclosed in velvet cases; others were lying loose, and there was a bag, containing, no doubt, the loose money the earl possessed at the time of his seizure.

Thane emptied the cases in his pockets, and added the money to that which he had got from poor Mary Marshall. Then, with wanton malice, he raised his hand to fling the empty bag in the earl's face. As he did so he heard voices on the stairs.

His heart leaped—that awful leap of the heart which the blood-stained criminal alone knows—and he shrank back until he was leaning against the safe. The earl also heard the noise, for he turned his head towards the door, though his eyes still rested fiercely on Thane's white, haggard face.

Thane, listening intently, glanced towards the window—it was forty feet from the ground—then despairfully stared round the room. The voices, the confused noise of many feet, drew nearer.

Suddenly the earl raised his hand and pointed to a large wardrobe. Thane stared at him in amazement for a moment.

Could it be possible that the old man was desirous of helping him to escape? Then he darted across the room and stepped into the wardrobe.

He had scarcely concealed himself before the door opened and a number of persons entered.

Foremost were Lord Norman and Madge; Mr. Levi followed them closely; and Robins, with several servants, pressed behind.

Lord Norman went straight to the earl and bent over him, and Madge fell on her knees beside his chair and took his hand.

"Uncle," said Lord Norman, "don't you know me?"

The old man stared at him fiercely; then, as Mr. Levi turned up the lamp, and raised it so that its light fell upon Lord Norman's face, the fierce eyes lit up with a swift intelligence, and he let his hand fall upon Lord Norman's shoulder.

"He knows you!" said Mr. Levi, in a low voice.

"It is Lord Norman, your nephew," said Madge, her eyes filling with tears. "He has come back, my lord. You do know him, do you not?"

The old man turned his gaze upon her, and smiled sadly.

"I am Madge Gordon," she said, her voice like subdued music. "You asked me to help you find him, and—and I helped to find the wrong man, the imposter. But it is not too late——"

Mr. Levi, who had been looking round the room, strode up to them.

"He has been here!" he said, quickly. "He has been at the casket. Ask his lordship where he is! Ask him to point. He understands what you say, I think."

Madge shrank from putting the question,

and Mr. Levi himself put it.

"The man we are in search of—Harold Thane—has been here, my lord," he said in his quiet way. "Which way has he gone?"

The earl looked at him steadily, but remained motionless.

"Do not harass him," said Lord Norman. "Remember our compact with him. Mr. Levi——"

Mr. Levi's sharp eyes shot fire.

"Compact! Yes! But I did not agree to compound mur——"

As he spoke, and before he had completed the word, his eyes fell upon the wardrobe. He sprang to it and opened the door, and in an instant had dragged Thane into the centre of the room.

At sight of him the group of spectators uttered an excited cry and shrank back.

Thane, white to the lips, glanced round at them, then wrenched himself free of Mr. Levi.

"What does this mean?" he demanded fiercely. "Why do you——?" His voice failed him, and he looked with the wild gaze of a hunted animal from one to the other, until his eyes settled upon Lord Norman and rested there.

Mr. Levi straightened his crushed shirt-cuffs, and opened his lips as if about to speak, when a sudden cry from the crowd arrested his words. The earl had risen, holding on by the arms of his chair, and stood staring at Thane.

"Let—let him go!" he said in thick guttural tones, but in a voice that was perfectly intelligible. He—he is my son, Lord Lechmere."

Mr. Levi turned swiftly; the crowd uttered a faint cry of amazement and incredulity. Lord Norman held Madge's hand tightly.

"He is my son," said the earl in a strange, painfully-labored voice.

"What?" said Mr. Levi.

A tall, bent figure emerged from the crowd—by this time all the household had clustered into the room—and every eye was fixed upon old Fletcher, the steward.

"Well?" said Mr. Levi, almost impatiently.

"It is quite true, quite right," said old Fletcher, in his dry, impassive manner. "The young man is the earl's only son, the heir to the Chase and the title. I knew him—the earl knew him—from the first; ever since he arrived at the Chase."

"What?" exclaimed Mr. Levi sharply, and with an astonished glance at Thane.

Old Fletcher moistened his lips.

"The earl and the countess were separated. By the terms of the separation her—their—son was to remain in ignorance of his real name and rank——"

A cry of triumph, of malignant triumph, broke from Harold Thane.

"I am Lord Lechmere?" he said. "I am the heir, the——"

Suddenly his voice grew less triumphant and died away; for in the very moment of the assertion of his rights he met the gaze of Mr. Levi, and the sharp eye seemed to penetrate to the soul.

Old Fletcher, looking straight before him, proceeded as if he had not been interrupted.

"The countess rigidly observed the terms of her agreement, and the earl carried out his part. At one time I tried to persuade him to acknowledge his son, the rightful heir, but"—he turned and looked at the earl, who sat immovable as a statue, listening as gravely and solemnly as if he were a judge instead of a fellow culprit—"but the earl was inflexible. And even if he had relented and yielded to my persuasion at that time it would have been of little use, for the young man had disappeared. Then the countess died, and our secret seemed safe, buried for ever. She had not disclosed the story of his birth to him."

Mr. Levi looked from Thane to Harry Richmond.

"I knew there was something, some mystery," he said in a low voice. "Such a likeness was not pure accident! When the young man—the son of the earl—came back, why did you not proclaim his identity and relationship to the earl?" he asked of Fletcher.

The old man bowed his head.

"I waited for the earl," he said in a low voice. "He made no sign, though I knew that he had recognized his son by the fact of his making a will in favor of his nephew, Norman Lechmere."

"I see!" murmured Mr. Levi. Then in a still lower tone he added, "Too late!"

Thane stood white, but for two red spots on his cheek, and looked round with a glitter in his eyes.

"Are you satisfied? All of you?" he said harshly. "I am Lord Lechmere—not the mere nephew," he glanced at Norman malignantly, "but the son—the son! Satisfied or not, I shall be glad if you will leave the room—the house." He looked straight at Norman and pointed to the door.

Norman, who had stood perfectly still, with Madge's hand in his, took a step towards the door; but was arrested by a movement of the earl's hand.

"Stay—stay where you are, nephew," he said in labored tones.

"Yes, stay with him—he may have a relapse. This partial recovery is too marvelous to last," said Mr. Levi. Then he crossed the room and whispered in Thane's ear—

"Fly! there is not a moment to lose!"

Thane bit his lip, but drew himself up haughtily.

"What do you mean?" he demanded. "Why should I fly? If—if you think to scare me because of anything that may have happened—anything I may have done in the past—you make a mistake. You will find it hard to prove anything against the future Earl of Chesney."

Mr. Levi drew him aside, with his back to the rest, and, fixing the sharp eyes upon his, pointed swiftly to the spot of blood on Thane's shirt cuff.

Thane started.

"What!" he began, with an attempt to bluster. "I—I cut my hand——"

Mr. Levi bent forward and whispered in his ear.

"Mary Marshall has left the cottage, they were tracing her towards the plantation. We came on here to warn you—to save you—that is, Norman Lechmere and Miss Gordon did. As for me—well, if they had been of my way of thinking, they would have let you take your chance."

"Mary Marshall?" said Thane. "I—I have not seen her since last night. She has gone to Liverpool."

Mr. Levi shrugged his shoulders and seemed as if about to turn away; then, as if reluctantly, he caught Thane's arm, and drew him out of the room.

"Lord Lechmere," he said, "unless you are bent on self-destruction, seek safety in flight at once. Man, the girl is missing! There is no cut upon your hand, but there is blood not only on your wrist, but on your coat-sleeve. And there is a revolver in that pocket"—he pointed to Thane's coat, and Thane clapped his hand there. "Go! Quick!" said Mr. Levi.

Thane wrenched his arm away and went down the stairs. As he reached the hall there came a hurried knocking at the great door.

He stopped and stood as if powerless to move. Robins, followed by several of the other servants, came down the stairs, passed him, and opened the door.

Two constables stood on the step, several figures were dimly seen behind them, and something long and vague in shape was lying on a hurdle in their midst.

"Is Mr. Levi here?" asked the constable, in an agitated voice. "Go and fetch him, Mr. Robins, for God's sake; and tell him that we've found what he was afeared we should. Come in, men."

The men, bareheaded and pale, took up the hurdle and carried it into the hall. As they did so the cloak fell from the dead face, and Thane saw it distinctly in the light of the hanging lamp. It seemed to him as if the eyes opened and gazed at him reproachfully, accusingly. He clutched the balustrade and staggered as if he would fall. Then, as Norman and the rest came down the stairs, and Madge, seeing the body, uttered a cry of terror and pity, he crouched down, and, almost unnoticed in the excitement, reached the smoking room, and closed and locked the doors after him. He stood, gripping the table with one hand, the other pressed to his forehead. He was mad, not only with fear, but with rage. For in that awful moment he realized that he had plotted and schemed, shed the blood of the woman who loved him, and earned the gallows, quite unnecessarily. He was not only a "common criminal," but a senseless fool. Sybil's voice, her laugh of scorn and contempt rang in his ears, mingled with Mary's piteous entreaty. He dashed his hand against the table and gnawed his lip. Was there no hope, no chance for him? Half mechanically, he drew out the paper he had taken from the bosom of Mary's dress. For a moment or two his burning eyes refused to see the lines, his reeling brain to grasp their significance. Then when he had mastered their sense, when he had realized all the self-sacrifice, the unselfish devotion expressed by the erasure of the last line, in which it was set forth that he was to make her his wife, a sudden pang of remorse—if remorse it can be called—shot like a flame through his heart.

Clutching the paper, he dropped on his knees, and let his head fall on his clenched hands.

Then suddenly he heard steps and voices coming towards the room. Someone cried, "He is in here!" and the handle was shaken.

He sprang to his feet, and with his back against the table, his teeth set, and the revolver in his hand, waited.

"Open, in the Queen's name!" came the voice of the constable.

A wan smile flitted over Thane's face. The sentence recalled old times. He was a bushranger once more. The smoking-room faded from his sight, and gave place to the backwoods of Australia.

He smiled, and his lips opened, and showed the white, even teeth, set like a dog's.

"Open!"

Before the sentence was finished he heard a noise behind him. Someone was tapping quickly and cautiously at the garden door. He swung round, with the revolver pointed, listening intently. Then he sprang to the door, and opened it.

Silas darted limpingly in. He was white and breathless, and his small eyes—with the bruise over them—glared at Thane.

"Quick!" he gasped. "Come this way; the fools have forgotten to guard this door."

As he spoke they could hear voices shouting, "Break the doors in! Fetch a hammer—an axe!"

"Quick!" said Silas, attempting to drag Thane.

Thane eyed him with fierce suspicion.

"Why—why do you want to help me?" he asked hoarsely.

Silas ground his teeth.

"You fool, to waste time asking questions! What are you afraid of? Ain't I risking my own skin?"

"To save me?" Thane muttered incredulously.

"No!" hissed Silas. "To baulk him, her! Don't you see! If they hang you, he'll be the viscount, the future earl. He can't be while you're alive—and once clear out you ought to know how to keep dark. Come!" He paused and looked round the room. "Money?" he whispered huskily. "Have you some money? Is there any there?" nodding at the safe.

Thane shook his head. There came the sound of an axe on the door leading from the hall.

"No, I have it all here," and he touched his breast pocket.

"Good!" said Silas. "Come along then. We'll baulk them yet! I've got a dog cart waiting in the lane. You can lie at the bottom—they'll never suspect me; besides, I'll say I'm driving to Dexmouth for a doctor!"

Hissing this in Thane's ear he drew him out of the room, locked the door on the outside, and flung the key into the shrubbery. They could still hear the pounding of the axe as they ran across the lawn to the spot where the dog-cart awaited them.

Silas laughed sardonically as he caught up the whip and lashed the horse; but Thane, as he crouched at the bottom of the cart, did not echo the laugh; for it was not Silas that he heard, but the mocking voice of Lady Sybil; and once more it rang in his ears, mingled with the piteous scream which Mary had uttered as she fell.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## PERSIA AND ITS SECTS.

PERSIA was finally conquered by the Arabs under Omar, the second Caliph or Representative of Mohammed. The battle of Nehavend which was fought in the twentieth year of the Hegira and the 604th of the Christian era—four years after the death of Mohammed—put an end to the political independence of Persia. The ancient religion of Zoroaster was condemned to disappear before the triumphant march of the children of the desert.

After Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman had been Caliphs, they were succeeded by Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet. The son of Ali married the daughter of the last of the Sassanides, the princely family which had given kings to Persia for more than four hundred years.

Persia restored the crown to the sons of Ali, and easily convinced itself that he had been unjustly deprived of his rights when his three predecessors had been chosen as Caliphs. From this was but a step to declare that Abu-Bekr, Omar, and Othman had never been rightly Caliphs at all.

Hence arose the great schism in Islam, which is called Shiism, of which the fundamental dogma is the recognition of Ali and his descendants as the immediate successors of Mohammed. The orthodox Mussulmans recognize Ali as the fourth Caliph only and do not utter his name in their daily prayers like the Shiites. This is the first fundamental distinction between Shiism and Sunnism.

Another distinction between the two, borrowed from the venerable traditions of the Persians, is that the Shiites have, in a manner, doubled the Arabian Allah, whom it divides into two, of whom one is the only source of Evil, and the other the only source of Good.

When the Persians had accepted the preeminence of Ali, they made him a part of their ancient mythology. Ali became the incarnation of the divine spirit; he is omniscient, uncreated, eternal, pervading nature. For him neither time nor space exists, and he is the first cause of creation. Ali came down to the earth in order to save sinners. It is he who will preside on the Day of Judgment. It is he who will intercede with God for the pardon of his followers.

The mollahs are the real clergy of Persia. A word should be said, however, of the class of people known by the name of dervishes. These are ordinary men of some learning, vagabonds by profession, speculative philosophers by nature. They are recruited among all classes of society. The dervishes of each place are under the orders of a chief, whose title is morchid, and who is the most refined among them, and most versed in Arabian and Persian literature.

The only means of living for the dervishes is the recital of a kind of Persian poetry called Kacida, which is devoted to celebrating the victories of Ali, his adventures, and his miracles. One of these dervishes will chant a Kacida to a circle of people about him in a town, and then take up a collection, which will yield enough to buy some bread, and a glass of wine, or a little hasheesh, with which a dervish prides himself on being content. The dervishes are not bound by any oath or vow or sacramental consecration.

They retire from the order when they please, without incurring odium. What their religious beliefs are it is difficult to say, since they do not themselves explain the matter clearly. They pride themselves—and with justice, since they are not in the least hypocrites—on the purity of their morals, the nobility of their hearts, the elevation of their thoughts, in which respect they are directly opposed to the mollahs, who are credited with having each "six stomachs and sixty-four teeth."

Among the Shiites there are three sects officially recognized. What is sometimes called a fourth sect, the Babys, is rather a political and social party than a religious sect. The three sects spoken of are:

I. Ali-Allahi.—According to this sect, Ali is an independent God, omniscient, omnipotent, uncreated, eternal, present everywhere, seeing everything, judging everything. He took the form of a man in order to come down to the earth and expiate our sins by his martyrdom. For this sect Mohammed was the forerunner of Ali, and sent to announce the latter's coming to the earth. Ali will preside at the Day of Judgment, and distribute to mankind rewards and punishments.

II. Scheikhe.—This sect maintains the idea of the trinity, the divine spirit being incarnated first in Mohammed, and afterwards in Ali. The faithful of this second sect believe, like those of the first, that Ali is omniscient, uncreated, eternal. The two sects differ in their ideas about Mohammed. The first sect believes Mohammed to have been but a simple mortal, who merited by his acts the honor of being the Forerunner of Ali. The second sect regards Mohammed as the equal of Ali.

III. The Moutecherri represent orthodox Shiitism. According to the belief of these, both Mohammed and Ali were created like ordinary mortals, and have even committed sins; only they deserved, by their life and actions, the divine favor, which can, at their desire, grant them omniscience. The orthodox Shiite believes, also, that both Mohammed and Ali will preside at the Day of Judgment, and will intercede with God for the pardon of the faithful.

YOUTH.—In youth every influence is received most passively and assimilated most easily. As years pass on, principles becomes fixed and habits formed, giving much power of resistance; but with the young this cannot be. First, the parent acts for the child, and then the youth acts for himself, forming his character and ordering his conduct very largely by the choice of intimate companions. With them he throws off reserve, yields to the pleasure of their society, and gradually comes to partake of their nature. If they are pure minded, honorable, generous, intelligent, he will grow insensibly to be the same. If they are weak and shallow, of doubtful honesty and lax principles, pleasure seeking and selfish, so must we expect him to become in time.

### WE PART.

BY JESSY.

We part, ay for ever, as Fate hath decreed,
And doom'd me to sever from love and from thee;
But still let thy memory sometimes recall,
In mirth's smiling hours, fond visions of me.
Let memory recall me as wandering alone
O'er the scenes which thy presence had glad-den'd before,
And the cheek; as it fadeth from youth rosy bloom,
May tell the heart's hope and its gladness are o'er.

But oh! if remembrance awakens a pang,
Let the past, like a dream, be effaced from thy mind,
I can bid thee forget me, if memory pains,
Or leaves, with those visions, one shadow be-hind;
I can bid thee forget me, and all I have borne
For a love that was fearless, yet hopeless and vain,
Whose dawn was too bright, but in clouds to decline—
We part, ay for ever!—we meet not again.

# Sebastian Delpiano.

BY R. K. K.

## CHAPTER I.

SEBASTIAN DELPIANO threw down brush and palette, and retreating a few steps stood surveying critically the picture on the easel before him.

A bright girlish face smiled at him from out of the canvas—a pretty pink and white thing with soft outlines. In the clear depths of the big blue eyes there still lingered that wondering, almost wistful, look belonging to childhood's innocence, and just then to Sebastian's overwrought fancy they seemed to be asking a question of him—a question to which the answer would come but too readily.

And as the painter looked his brow clouded and the shade of pain deepened on his face. He gave an impatient shrug of his shoulders. "Sebastian, you are a fool," he muttered; "and knowing it, why can you not cure yourself of your folly?"

He turned from the picture and flung himself down on a great many-hued divan, and leaning wearily in the soft cushions, shut his eyes. The unveiled light streamed down from the great north window of the studio on his pale face almost waxen in hue.

The dark soft hair was pushed off the high white forehead, furrowed by two deep lines between the straight black eyebrows; the nose was finely modeled with sharply-cut nostrils, the mouth hidden by a drooping moustache whose ends mingled with the small, dark, pointed beard. Dressed up in doublet and ruff Sebastian could have sat for a portrait of Vandyke such as they are familiar to us.

All was still within the great studio; it was mid-day, and a southern drowsiness made the air heavy. A soft breath stirred the leaves of the palm tree placed in a big terra cotta jar near the open window. On the terrace outside a couple of pigeons were strutting up and down in the sunlight cooing to one another noisily; beyond, a background of mimosa, aloes and palms, and above all the blue sky, of a blue so intense, so deep in tone, as to put to shame the watery pallor of our northern fine day skies.

The walls of the studio were covered with studies and sketches of every description. Here an old fisherman, a high red cap surmounting his bushy locks, with keen restless eyes set in a swarthy weather-beaten face, looked suspiciously at you; there a piece of walled garden bright with geranium and flaming cactus; next it a large study of a storm at sea, with wild tossing waves sending their spray high into the misty gray air, sea and sky blended in one.

Looking at it you could have fancied you heard the roar of those mighty waves and felt the salt wind fan your cheek with its damp breath, so true to nature was the copy of it. And Sebastian Delpiano had gained fame by one of his sea pieces exhibited fifteen years before, when he was but a poor, hard-working, unknown student at the Turin Academy of Painting.

By a piece of good luck he had obtained a place for his picture on the walls of the yearly art exhibition held in that city, and hat the further good luck of gaining the gold medal with it, emerging thus at one leap from obscurity.

All the leading Italian papers mentioned his success and prophesied a brilliant future for the rising young talent. Sebastian had fulfilled in a measure the prediction. Within five years his name had became one of those which seem destined to be inscribed in golden letters on the pages of art. At the end of that time he, a young man of thirty, had received the flattering offer of the directorship of the Academy—a coveted post—and had refused it.

What could be the reason of this piece of folly? the world wondered; and still greater was the wonder when at the same time Delpiano suddenly left the city which had been the scene of his short, lived triumphs and had disappeared no one knew whither.

From time to time, at always longer intervals, a picture with the well-known signature scrawled in the corner had found its way to Turin, or Rome, or Venice, but the critics had shaken their heads.

Where was the old bold touch and striking individuality of treatment which had characterized the maestro's previous work? Now they bore a stamp of feebleness, of studied effect, lacking altogether the "sacred fire" which the great painters infuse into their pictures, and makes the public not merely see but feel the power conveyed in them.

Sebastian had flung away the paper in which for the first time he had seen the truth about himself in black and white, though as yet very gradually expressed—regrets that, evidently owing to some momentary physical influence, the work of the clever artist lacked its usual power of expression.

None better than he himself knew that he had failed miserably, and he found no force left to rouse himself to combat the lethargy of the senses which was creeping over him, dulling his insensibility to the beauties of nature. Day by day he said to himself, "I will make the effort; I will paint with the enthusiasm which brought me success," but it ever remained at the thought only.

Now for the cause of the moral sickness from which the painter was suffering, unknown and unguessed at by all those who had been once his friends and companions. The person of all others who should have encouraged him in his work, shared every triumph of his with a heart swelling with grateful pride and love, was the one who had been the ruin of his life, had blighted all his highest prospects and condemned him to an existence utterly damning to an artist's impressionable nature.

Mother! That word was the key-note which had struck the minor chord in the harmony of the painter's life. Till that one fatal day, twenty years before this story opens, he had believed his mother had died when he was a little toddling thing, too young to keep any remembrance of her—so his father had told him.

As he grew older he noticed the latter's strange reticence about everything concerning his mother, her name was never mentioned, no portrait of her was there to recall vividly her presence once in their midst; and the boy had wondered and longed to hear about her his boyish mind loved and reverenced above everything, surrounding her image with a halo of worship, picturing her to himself as having been adorable in every way.

He loved to think she might even now see him, be allowed to watch over him in some mysterious supernatural way. In all his troubles his thoughts would instinctively fly to her for comfort. Often he whispered, "Mother, darling, you hear me, and understand," and would feel comforted by the belief of her invisible presence near him.

Sebastain was then a shy sensitive lad, given to dreaming, and incapable of looking at life in a practical matter-of-fact way. With his father he had no bond of sympathy; the latter was cold and stern in his manner to the boy whom one would have said he positively disliked, and caused poor Sebastian to shrink still further into the shell of his over-sensitive nature.

Signor Delpiano was professor of astronomy at the Genoa Observatory. They had formerly lived in Venice, and there it was that Sebastian's mother had died, so he had been told. Of those days he had no recollection. And so the boy grew up with no loving hand to train him, no loving heart in which to confide his childish joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments.

If it had not been for his painting Sebastian would have been altogether miserable, but roaming about with his brush and colors by the sea shore the boy spent the only happy hours of his life. He was passionately fond of the sea, and no small wonder with its ever-varying beauty always before his eyes.

His father, urged by his friend, who noticed Sebastian's great talent and utter unfitness for any career involving application or drudgery, reluctantly consented to let him study painting as a profession. The evening before he was to leave home for Turin to enter the Academy there as art student, Signor Delpiano, who had been shut up for several hours in his beloved observatory, did not come down to supper as usual, and the servant sent to call him had returned with a scared face, saying that her master was lying on the floor motionless. An apoplectic stroke had put an end to the astronomer's unsatisfied researches after the infinite.

As an orphan, alone in the world, without money or protection to help him, Sebatian had entered the battle of life, to vanquish or be vanquished; time would show.

## CHAPTER II.

TEN years ago exactly, the 20th day of March, the same day that Sebastian is sitting in the great studio, a worn-out, weary man, how different all had been then! It was at a dinner given by his friends and brother artists to congratulate him on receiving the offer of the directorship of the Academy which had come to him that morning.

His answer was, according to custom, to be sent in within the space of three days, but not a shadow of doubt existed about the possibility of his refusing the honor offered him. In a few grateful words, and with evident emotion, he had accepted the toast, "To our future master," drunk with loud acclamations and enthusiasm by the company.

Proud and happy had Delpiano felt that evening; he had not worked in vain, but had acquired for himself a position amongst his fellow men, one in which he would be honored, admired and looked up to; a pleasant feeling indeed, against which the hardest natures are no proof, and to one like Sebastian, sensitive as an Æolean harp to the breath which passes over it, success is tenfold more precious than to those encased in self and callous to others.

His heart, with its great capacity for love and devotion, which had found as yet no one object on which to concentrate itself, made him the kindest, the most amiable of friends. He enjoyed a deserved popularity amongst his brother artists, who instead of grudging him his success were proud of it.

And just when he seemed to have pushed his way to the front ranks of those who march on triumphant to win fame and glory for their own, destiny decreed that he should be cut down, that the prize almost within his grasp should be flung far from his reach, and the ranks close over him leaving no trace even of where his place had been.

* * * * * *

"Your mother, whom you were taught to believe dead, is here and calls you to her; you will not refuse what may be now her dying request."

That was what the little scented paper had contained which a servant had brought him at dessert. He looked at the unfamiliar handwriting on the delicately-tinted note-paper.

"Some fair enthusiast," he thought, for he was accustomed to the admiration paid him by the other sex on account of his good looks and newly-acquired celebrity. With the freedom of Italian women in such matters these admirers of his were wont to show their sentiments openly, and not often to the painter's taste.

Thus he was about to thrust the note into his pocket unread, when a sudden impulse of curiosity made him open it instead, and having done so the smile on his face vanished leaving it petrified. He read the words over and over again stupidly as one dazed trying to grasp the reality of what seemed to him as a message from another world.

His mother not dead, but here in this very city, and calling him, her son, to her! What was the meaning of it? why had he been taught to believe her dead? A terrible apprehension seized him, a shrinking from the dawn of truth at last. He sat with the paper in his hand looking at it as if he saw an apparition; his emotion was too apparent to escape the notice of his friends; they looked at him curiously, but there was that in his face which checked all inquiry.

They waited anxiously for some explanation, and now it came in low, unsteady tones, unlike Sebastian's own; as he spoke he looked straight before him, not at his friends:

"I have received a message which calls me away immediately. I know you will pardon my leaving you thus abruptly, my friends, and believe how unwillingly I do so, but I must, indeed I must."

He had risen while speaking and stood now crumpling the bit of paper he held with nervous excitement. The others watching him knew something of grave importance had occurred, and were full of ready sympathy with their comrade in his unknown trouble.

As Sebastian hurried down the steps of the restaurant as one in a dream, he still hear their kind words ring in his ear, and it was as if he had heard them for the last time, as if he had been suddenly thrust out of the joyous circle of his friends into an outer darkness full of vague misgivings, of fearful presentiments.

## CHAPTER III.

THE next day Sebastian's answer to the electing committee of the Academy was sent in—it was a refusal. Great was the consternation it produced; he had not even allowed the customary three days to lapse, to consider his decision.

What was the meaning of it? When the news spread like wildfire amongst his friends some of them hurried off to his lodgings to seek him, only to find them empty, swept and garnished.

The landlady with a flow of eloquence and much gesticulation informed them that the "Signor" had been packing all the morning and had left by the mid-day train for Genoa. He was going on a journey, he had told her, and would probably not come back; his manner had been very strange, she thought, and had frightened her, but she had not dared ask him any questions.

That was all she had to tell. Pursuing their search for an explanation of their friend's disappearance, the young men next went to the house where Sebastian had his studio. The key to it hung on the board in the porter's lodge.

Questioned, the man said the Signor had been there very early that morning and had spent about half an-hour in the studio; when he came down again he had looked very pale and agitated, and had told him, the porter, that he was going away for some time and he wished nothing in the studio touched during his absence, and after himself hanging up the key, had hurried off comme un mato—here the porter tapped his forehead significantly. From that day Turin beheld Sebatian Delpiano no more; he was gone, vanished as utterly out of his old life and its associations as if he were already lying in his grave.

* * * * * *

One evening some weeks later a traveling carriage, thickly powdered with the white dust of the Corniche road, was slowly ascending the steep promontory on which the little fishing village of San Rocco stands perched.

The outlines of the tall Campanile and irregular, picturesquely-piled houses were sharply defined against the background of clear blue sky; all around, nature in its wild, luxuriant southern beauty, unmeddled and unspoiled by the "improving" hand of gardener or land agent.

And what a view as the carriage, turning the last curve of the road, reached the top of the hill! There lay to the westward the whole coast line extending to the headland of Villefranche, and beyond in a pinkish haze the outlines of the Esterelles were dimly visible.

Succeeding each other, peak after peak, crag upon crag, their rocky sides all bathed in soft blue shadows, the spurs of the Appenines descended downward to the coast-line, their base clothed thickly with olive and orange and all the fragrant shrubs of the south.

The white houses of the towns on the coast gleamed dazzling in the setting sun—Monaco, Monte Carlo, Mentone, nearer Ventimiglia, with its quaint mediæval churches and decayed palaces clinging to the side of the rocky headland; then a strip of flat coast, the road on either side bordered by dark groves of orange and lemon; behind the hills rose gently in rounded olive-clad slopes.

Rising out of this wooded plain, the promontory of San Rocco stood boldly out into the Mediterranean. Here and there in the brilliant blue was a patch of a lighter shade, showing where some hill-side stream mingled its waters with those of the sea.

Away on the horizon a white sail or two showed against the azure background of sky, streaked with rose and amber; and it came about that, fascinated by the magic beauty of the spot, Sebastian Delpiano chose to make his home there, the home which was to be his mother's haven of rest, where she was to spend the remainder of the days allotted her surrounded by her

son's untiring care and devotion.

What lay in his power to do should be done to soothe those last days, to soften the remembrance of what had gone before. A weary, discontented woman, sick in body and mind, moved by a sudden impulse of a wish for tardy atonement, a half-reparation of the wrong done, she had sought her son—the son whose cradle she had deserted thirty years before to follow the man who had taken advantage of her folly, her self-love, and had tempted her away from her husband, whom she had married without love, and who had not known how to teach her it during the two years of their wedded life. She had found it an easy thing then to forget her child, as yet too young to fill any place in her life!

It was before the time of the commencement of the Italian struggle for national independence, for a united kingdom. The Austrians still held Venice, and one of them, a handsome young officer, was quartered in the professor's house.

It was the old, old story—the telling of it finished after a few signs, a few burning glances, hurried confidences secretly exchanged, and then one day she was gone, and her husband said, "She is dead," and set to work to banish every recollection, every trace of her from out of his life and that of the son whom he now regarded with aversion, and on whose innocent head was to fall the curse of his mother's sin.

Now she had come back to him, begging his forgiveness for the irreparable injury she had done him, actuated also by an unconfessed desire for companionship, for escaping from the intolerable sense of insecurity, of the haunting anxiety about the future which had taken hold of her since she had realized the fact that her beauty was a thing of the past, and tasted the bitterness of the change time brings to one such as her.

And even after he had heard all from her own lips Sebastian had forgiven her. Whatever reproaches may have risen in his heart against her they were silenced by the voice of an immense pity at sight of her now, so weak, so helpless, despised and flouted by those who had once fawned on her. She had thrown herself on his pity, his protection.

"My son," she said weeping, "you will not turn away from her whose flesh and blood you are?"

Quickly Sebastian had taken his resolve. He would not allow her to remain where the whole shameful story of her life would be sure to transpire, and how could he explain satisfactorily the reappearance of a mother whose death had been duly registered thirty years before?

He and she together must find a hiding place from the prying eyes of the world though it involved the defeat of all his (Sebastian's) dearest hope, ambition. It was his plain duty to sacrifice them to his mother. The immense capability of devotion which lay in his nature, now called for the first time into play, enabled him to make the sacrifice without a moment's hesitation and with an enthusiasm which put all idea of self into the background.

And so the ten years of abnegation had begun. Nursed by him with unceasing devotion his mother's health had greatly improved. The incurable disease from which she was suffering seemed to have received a check for a time.

She no longer spoke about dying, except when, with an invalid's irritability, she imagined some neglect on the part of her son, some trifling omission in the loving care with which he surrounded her. And he, as clearer and clearer grew his insight into the shallow, wholly frivolous nature of her whom he had made the idol of his thoughts and dreams since earliest childhood, the more intolerable grew the disappointment, the impossibility of shutting his eyes to the cruel truth.

His soul sickened in the uncongenial contact with a nature so wholly opposed to his own, and yet this was his mother, the one person on earth to whom he was bound by ties of duty, of filial respect, and not for a second would he flinch from the martyrdom imposed on him though the last drop of his heart's blood were drained in the ordeal.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN ten years the whole aspect of a coast village on the Riviera is wont to alter, and such was the case with San Rocco. The British nomad had found it out, electing it for winter quarters, had built his house, had called his friends who in their turn had built their houses, and now a small colony of the children of Albion had raised the prices, civilized the place, and induced the most enterprising among the natives to erect two hotels and several modest pensions.

As yet San Rocco had not aspired to be fashionable, but was simply a quiet cheap place patronized by families seeking these advantages, coupled with a delightful climate and unrivaled beauty of scenery, wherein to winter away from the fogs and damp of their own country.

But it was destined to be visited in a casual way by fashion in the person of a Lady Emily Jones, who, on her way from Cannes to Florence, chose to perform part of the journey by carriage to see the beauty of the Corniche road, and had been so charmed with San Rocco that, instead of only staying one day there, as she had intended, she had decided to remain a couple of weeks, and the charm of the place growing on her had further delighted the heart of her hotelkeeper by taking on her suite of rooms, occupying his whole first floor, for a month longer. At once she and her daughter became the point de mire of the little colony.

Miss Ginevra Jones was a blooming specimen of the average healthy-bodied, frank-minded young English girl just emerged from the schoolroom, but not yet having made her formal entry into society at one of her Majesty's drawing rooms. She was an only child and the heiress to her father's millions, which he had acquired during long years of patient industry.

From being an ordinary workman in an iron foundry he had gradually risen to be the owner of the largest, the most wealthy establishment of the kind, doing a world-wide trade. Backed by his riches he had ventured timidly into those circles of society whose entree the self-made man ever burns to achieve.

Encouraged by the kindness (as he deemed it) which met him on all sides, Job Jones had further ventured to propose to the eldest daughter of an impoverished duke in her teenth season with three younger sisters all well married. He was desperately in love with her, and being a guileless man was overwhelmed with joy and amazement at being accepted on the spot.

Well, he had the good taste of soon removing himself from the scenes into which his ambition had transplanted him and whose soil was not one in which his simple uneducated nature could be expected to thrive. He felt the sense of his own shortcomings painfully now when amongst his wife's friends, who, since he had married, seemed somehow to treat him quite differently; where formerly he had been flattered and cajoled, he was now ignored. But most of all did he feel his inferiority in the daily contact of his married life.

To do Lady Emily justice she was always kind to him and a good wife in the most ordinary sense of the word, but feeling her own superiority so intensely she could not help showing it, and reduced honest Job to a cipher in his own house and family. She had shed copious tears at his death, which occurred two years after their marriage, for she had appreciated his good qualities and touching worship of herself. Her tears had soon dried though, and she had set to work to enjoy life thoroughly, as a young rich widow has plenty of scope for doing. She had not remarried, being loth to lose her independence and the £20,000 a year left her, which by some sudden inexplicable fit of jealousy Job had inserted in his will she should forfeit if she gave him a successor.

The years had passed quickly enough and now Ginevra was grown up, and an all-engrossing interest had entered her mother's life, that her daughter should make one of the most brilliant marriages of the day; with her fresh young beauty and her well known fortune this was no unreasonable thing to demand.

Lady Emily, reviewing in her mind all the most eligible partis, had fixed on the one she would like for her daughter, and it was a particularly lucky coincidence that the young man in question was the son of her dearest friend, Lady Susan Hope, and having only that year attained his majority had succeeded to the title and enormous revenues of his uncle, the late Marquess of Cringeltie. Lady Susan was equally anxious for the marriage. There remained only the question of the two young people's acquiescence in the disposition of their hearts and hands. As children they had played together, quarrelled and made it up again, and remained fast friends all throughout the progressive stages of their development.

Harry Cringeltie was a jolly, easy-going young fellow without any of the feeble affectation of masherdom in his healthy organization. For two years previous to his coming of age, which great event had occurred a month previously, he had been traveling round the globe in charge of a tutor. It was, therefore, two years since he and Ginevra had met.

The girl was to be presented at one of the early drawing-rooms that year, and were all to turn out as her mother desired, she would, at the end of her first season, become Marchioness of Cringeltie. Of course not a hint was dropped to her of this possibility.

Nothing, Lady Emily justly observed, puts two young people more surely against each other than the knowledge that interfering relatives plan their union. She counted solely on those circumstances which seemed favorable to the realization of her wish—the sympathy existing between the young people and her daughter's beauty, which ripened with every day and was sufficient to kindle the fire of a feeling warmer than ordinary friendship in a young woman's heart.

For the present Lady Emily was living in anticipation, and enjoying thoroughly the pure air, lovely scenery and quiet of San Rocco. Like many elderly fashionable ladies she had of late fancied herself delicate and requiring peculiar care and attention on the part of her surroundings. She enjoyed being coddled and having to attend to the various rules which her complaisant London doctor had laid down for her to observe. He had found that she had a tendency to bronchitis, which of course must be immediately checked. So whenever Lady Emily was afflicted with the common ailment of a cold in the head she would go to bed, and in her fear really work herself up into a feverish state, which aggravated her symptoms.

Possessing a treasure of a maid, an old servant thoroughly versed in all her mistress's little weaknesses and fostering them, Lady Emily enjoyed the comfort of being nursed and waited on to the full. During these attacks of the incipient malady threatening her, as she considered, and which occurred pretty frequently during their stay at San Rocco owing to the draughty condition of the hotel, Ginevra was confided to the care of an old English lady staying in the house. She had been a friend of Lady Emily's mother at some remote period before the latter became a duchess, and so possessed a passport to the intimacy of the Jones.' Lady Emily's rule when traveling was never to make hotel acquaintances.

Old Mrs. Vere took a great liking to Ginevra from the first. The girl's light frank manner, free from all self-consciousness, pleased her; she was so fresh, so impressionable, everything delighted her so intensely.

"San Rocco is the most beautiful place on earth; it is more—it is like what I imagine heaven must be; I love it," the girl would say enthusiastically.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORAL EDUCATION.—Every reflecting mind must contemplate and will look forward with great interest to the time, when moral education shall at least be put upon a footing with the intellectual. As the mind is continually operative, of course it receives, and incorporates into itself moral principles either right or wrong. We are surrounded with such a variety of active influences that he who is not imbued with good cannot reasonably expect to be uncontaminated with evil. In order, therefore, to prevent the contaminations of vice, it is necessary to preoccupy the mind by the careful introduction and the faithful cultivation of the elements of virtue, "the moral and religious instruction which is communicated to the youthful memory, which may sometimes slumber, but can never die." It may long be unproductive; it may remain for years without giving signs of verification and of an operative influence, and yet it may be only waiting for some favorable and important moment, when it shall come forth suddenly and prominently to view. No one, therefore, ought to be discouraged in the discharge of this duty. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."

L. G. W.

COWS.—A French economist has been figuring up the number of the dairy cows in the leading countries of the world. He says that there are 6,700,000 cows in France, producing 80,000,000 gallons of milk; in the United Kingdom, about 4,000,000; in Germany, 9,087,000; Denmark, 1,000,000; and in Austria, 4,254,000. In the United States the number of cows has almost doubled since 1870, being now set down at 16,500,000, and in Australia over 12,000,000.

# Scientific and Useful.

OIL BOMBS.—A man in Bremen has invented a kind of "oil bombs" for calming the waves, which can be fired a short distance. There are small holes in them, allowing the oil to run out in about an hour.

THE KINETOPHONE.—The kinetophone is the name decided upon by Thomas A. Edison for his latest contrivance. It is a combination of the well-known kinetoscope and the phonograph, and it gives sound as well as action.

PAPER MAKING.—Electric treatment is being adopted in Norway for the purpose of bleaching pulp. The pulp is placed in the chloride solution, the electric current turned on, and in from 20 to 40 minutes the operation is said to be completely carried out.

DRIED FLOWERS.—A German chemist has found a way of preserving the colors of dried flowers, even of delicate poppies. Flowers lose their tints in drying through ammonia in the air. The inventor presses his specimens between sheets of paper which have previously been saturated with a solution of one per cent. of oxalic acid in water.

INEXPENSIVE.—It is said that the weaving of threads of aluminium in textile fabrics results in a practically non-oxidizable, inexpensive material that is free from chemical action, and can be washed without fear of injury. It can be applied to the finest and heaviest fabrics, as the thread can be drawn to any degree of thinness, and may be made round or flat, or in any shape convenient for wearing.

ICED MILK.—The French industry of icing milk is an original departure in tinned commodities. The milk is frozen and placed in block form in tins, and on the part of the purchaser requires to be melted previous to use. Being hermetically sealed, the commodity thus iced preserves its form until it is required, when a minute's exposure to the sun's rays or to the heat of the fire is all that is necessary to reduce it to a liquid condition.

# Farm and Garden.

THE SOW.—A fat sow in summer should not be desired. Keep the sows in fair condition, and they will give better results as breeders, and produce stronger pigs than when very fat.

WARM DAYS.—During the very warm days the teams should be used early in the morning, so as to allow at least two hours for rest at noon. More work will be secured by so doing than by shortening the noon rest.

FOOD.—No one kind of food is perfect. Even when horses have an abundance of timothy hay they will also accept straw and cornstalks as a change of diet, as well as keep in better condition from being allowed a greater variety.

RABBITS.—To prevent rabbits and worms from harming trees mix together turpentine and hogs' lard and apply on the trees. This kills the worms in the tree, keeps the eggs from hatching and prevents the rabbits from gnawing. The lard kills the rabbit and the turpentine kills the worm.

SOLUBILITY.—The solubility of manure is the most important point connected with it. It can never become soluble until it has decomposed, and when a large mass of coarse, bulky material is spread on the land the farmer will have to wait until it becomes fit for plant food before his crops derive any benefit from such.

COPPER.—The Germans have lately been experimenting upon the effect of copper on potato vines. They found that a two per cent. solution of blue vitriol (sulphate of copper) in lime water, sprinkled on the plants, increased the amount of chlorophyll in the leaves, prolonged the lives of the leaves and increased the number and size of the potatoes.

SPIDERS.—The best way to get rid of the small red spiders which are sometimes found on the backs of rose leaves is to syringe occasionally with suds of home made soap. This is also a remedy for mildew. The green worms which are sometimes found on rose leaves can be remedied by applying with a syringe soap suds in which has been placed a tablespoonful of kerosene to the gallon.

STRAINING AND RACKING your Lungs and Throat with a rasping Cough, is but poor policy. Rather cure yourself with Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an excellent remedy for Asthma and Bronchitis.

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## Of Luxury.

It would by some persons be considered quite useless and unsophistical to begin this article with the sentence—"This is one of the seven deadly sins," because they deny that there are any sins; it following, if there be no sins, that none can be deadly. In men who are said to have ascended from the ape to what they now are, all animal impulses must be venial and natural; and such a man or woman (one sex is quite as luxurious as the other) who likes to indulge in purple and fine linen, rich dinners, fine equipages, services of plate, and delicate china, is thought rather to show breeding and good taste.

Luxury, it may be asserted by some, is merely sweetness and light; by others, love for the Fine Arts; by others again, to be culture, a wideness of soul, and expanded sense of pleasure, which gratify the lust of the eye and the pride of life. And why should we not enjoy life? We are merely poor creatures of a minute. We come, say these logicians, whence we know not, and are hastening whither, we are uncertain; let us be as comfortable as we can.

Luxury, then, to put a mild construction on it, is "the impulse of the creature which enjoys." Animals are luxurious. A dog will blind his eyes with delight if you scratch his back or his ear; a hog (and the swine is the symbol of luxury) delights in wallowing in the sun-warmed mud, and puts its foot in the trough to secure the wash which it delights in, and which it is chemically changing into human food; a cat basks luxuriously before the fire. All created beings have a keen sense of pleasure; and the open and continued gratification of this instinct which all men more or less delight in, whether sensuous or sensual, is in its abuse luxury. Music, in itself an innocent enjoyment, may be indulged in till it becomes somewhat of a sin.

At the same time as regards pleasures, we must distinguish what is and what is not luxurious. "Luxury," says an old divine, "doth not consist in the innocent enjoyment of any of the good things which God has created to be received with thankfulness; but in the wasteful abuse of them to vicious purposes, in a way inconsistent with sobriety, justice, or charity,"—and we may add chastity.

All manly minds object to luxury. "Alexander the Great," says Barrow in one of his sermons, "reflecting on his friends degenerating into sloth and luxury, told them that it was a most slavish thing to luxuriate, and a most royal thing to labor." Dante overwhelms the luxurious with the fiercest torments; and Raleigh, whose grand court dresses were covered with pearls and gold, and to whom our plain black cloth would have seemed the fittest garb for a Puritan or a Quaker, had such a being then existed, inveighs against the luxury of his age, "the exceeding luxuriousness," he writes, "of this gluttonous age, wherein we press Nature with overweighty burdens."

The history of the world exhibits the uniform tendency of luxuries to degrade, corrupt, and finally to destroy nations. Augustus has earned an immortality of praise because he found Rome built of clay and brick, and left it of marble; but this change from hardihood and simplicity to grandeur was but a sign of the swift corruption and final fall of the conquerors of the world. Hence statesmen in every age have endeavored to suppress luxury—some by sumptuary laws upon retinue, state and dress, some by taxes upon luxuries, which are of all taxes the most legitimate, and at present by far the heaviest.

You may, says Adam Smith in effect, tax the luxuries of the rich or of the poor, such as wines, spirits, beer and tobacco, tea, coffee and other mild stimulants, with a positively beneficial effect; but if you tax necessities you hurt all. Here are his words: "Taxes upon luxuries have no tendency to raise the price of any other commodities except that of the commodities taxed. Taxes upon necessaries, by raising the wages of labor, necessarily tend to raise the price of all manufactures, and consequently to diminish their sale and consumption. Taxes upon luxuries are finally paid by the consumers of the commodities taxed. Taxes upon necessaries, so far as they affect the laboring poor, are finally paid by the landlords in the diminished rent of their lands, partly by rich consumers, whether landlords or others, in the advanced price of manufactured goods, etc., and must be compensated to the poor by a further advancement of wages. The middling and superior ranks of people, if they understood their own interest, ought always to oppose all taxes upon the necessaries of life, as well as all direct taxes upon the wages of the laborer."

This clear and irrefragable statement will at once disperse some of the wrong ideas that have prevailed as to waste and riot being in the end productive of good. Bad things do not produce good as a rule, and luxury is no exception, although Mandeville in his fable of the bees has maintained that private vices may be public benefits, and that the luxuries of one may benefit many. The rich man who goes into the market to purchase coal to heat his hot-houses, so that he may have strawberries in January, not only diverts the labor of his gardener from producing food in a natural, and therefore a far more abundant way, but he outbids the starving artisan, who would otherwise get his fuel cheaper. It is much wiser to regard luxury as the dry-rot of great States—a disease from which they can hardly ever recover.

There can also be a luxury of sentiment. We may easily see how dangerous such a feeling is. Some lady novelists have indulged in such stuff; and now and then Dickens delights in the luxury of sentimental tears, and loves to picture life as filled with a false geniality; but, as a rule, this country is very free from this false and dangerous luxury of the heart. Both as regards the heart and body, luxury is a great mistake. It is so enervating that it defeats itself.

The Sybarite who, sleeping upon rose leaves, complained that one was crumpled under him, and kept him awake, was as much disturbed as a soldier with a pebble in his straw pallet. The woman who melts at fancied troubles and sentimental woes, will turn away from real distress. No heart is in truth so hard as the luxuriously soft one. All extremities are to be shunned; and while we blame the ascetic for self-tormenting, we must blame even more him who destroys the fibre of his soul by selfish overpampering.

The manly man will enhance his enjoyments by curtailing them. True manliness, no less than wisdom, bids us to endure hardness; and true poetry joins with religion in the exclamation of those Midsummer fairies, who put debauchery to shame with the song: "Fie on sinful fantasy! Fie on lust and luxury!" It is a fitting end to a play which exposes vice and folly—a fit beginning to a psalm of life.

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THE hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to our sense of the fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case endurance is all that is possible; in the other we may sometimes rightfully fight, and there is a world of comfort in the power of action.

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BLESSED be the little children who make up so unconsciously for our life-disappointments. How many couples, mutually unable to hear each other's faults, find solace for their pain in these golden links! These fragile props keep them from sinking quite disheartened by life's roadside. How often has a little hand drawn amicably together two else unwilling ones, and made them see how blessed earth may become in pronouncing that expressive word—"Forgive!"

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HONEST poverty should rarely be a bar to wedlock. Granted that two people are to exist at all in this world, they can commonly live more cheaply, more comfortably, and more purely in one home than they can in two separate homes. Tens of thousands of happy, honorable and holy marriages have been consummated where no "cards" were issued, and no bridal gifts were bestowed except an honest hand and a loving heart.

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WE must not flatter ourselves that the road to success is any other than earnest diligent, persistent labor. If there is any one thing more than another that is casting a gloom over agriculture, yea, over every industry, it is the thought that has taken possession of the rising generation that there is no dignity in labor; that it is to be shunned; that by hook or crook they will get a living without work.

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DECEIT is the sign of inferiority. It runs toward animal conditions of life. It is the sign of weakness. In the order of nature, that which cannot be done by discretion nor by strength, animals do by craft or by deceit; and in the lower stages of human development deceit is common.

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THE mill cannot grind with the water that is past. As little can it grind with what is to come. It can grind only with what is passing through it. We can make no use of time past. As little use can we make of time to come. We can make use only of the passing moment.

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To do your own work well, whether it be for life or death. To help other people at theirs when you can, and seek to avenge no injury. To be sure you obey good laws before you seek to alter bad ones.

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PASSIONS, like wild horses, when properly trained and disciplined, are capable of being applied to the noblest purposes, but when allowed to have their own way they become dangerous in the extreme.

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WE should practice temperance, if it were for nothing else but the very pleasure of it; it is the glory of a man that hath abundance, to live as reason, not as appetite directs.

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THE first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second is something to hold in reverence.

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

W. R.—Try what a little ripe fruit taken every morning before you eat anything else will do.

S. I.—The art of writing in characters or shorthand was well known to the ancient Greeks.

READER.—"Whom the God loves die young" is from Lord Byron; the original idea was from Menander.

B. FLEMMING.—We do not know the book but you might find out about it by writing to Lippincott & Co., or Peterson & Bros., Publishers, Phila., Pa.

AMIE.—The order of the several courses at dinner is as follows:—Soup, fish, entremets, joints and poultry, game, puddings, pastry, jellies, etc. Then ice and dessert.

KATIE D.—The familiar old saying, the "rolling stone gathers no moss," is from Mrs. Jameson's "Studies." The quotation complete is, "As the rolling stone gathers no moss, so the roving heart gathers no affections."

L. L. L.—First cousins are persons who, not being related as brothers or sisters, yet have the same grand-parent. Second cousins had the same great-grand-parent, and third cousins the same great-great-grand parent.

VULCAN.—Yes, it is a fact that the sun's rays do extinguish a fire, because they rarefy the air and cause it to flow more slowly into the fire, and rarefied air contains less oxygen than than the same amount of condensed air.

Y. S. C.—A good varnish for maps and pictures is made of Canada balsam and rectified oil of turpentine in equal parts, mixed. Set the bottle containing the mixture in warm water and agitate until the solution is perfect. Then set in a warm place to settle, and when settled pour off the clear varnish for use.

TEACHER.—The name "pyramid" in hieroglyphics is abumer, which means "a great tomb," and one of the greatest authorities on Egyptology, Mariette Pasha, considers that they were all tombs only; but others say that they were metrological monuments, or standards for all weights and measures; and another opinion is that they served for astronomical purposes. Uenephes or Ata, of the First Dynasty, mentioned by Manetho, was the first king known to have built them. The "Step-Pyramid" at Sakkarah was erected by him. The group there consists of five, including the one with a square summit. That the pyramids were tombs seems consistent with the fact that they were all situated in a necropolis.

STAR GAZER.—Galileo, a native of Pisa, and professor of mathematics at the university there and at Padua, was the first constructor of a telescope available for scientific purposes, by which he discovered Jupiter's satellites. He was born in the year 1564, and his first instrument was completed in 1609. His assertion of the earth's motion brought him under the censure of his church, and he was immured in the dungeons of the Inquisition for a year. He was permitted then to retire to the village of Arcetri, where he died the year that Sir Isaac Newton was born, A. D., 1642. But telescopes had been invented about a year prior to that of Galileo, by John Lipperhey and Zacharias Jansen, spectacle makers of Middleburg, and James Metius, of Alkmaer, A. D., 1608.

ARNOLD.—The principle of the common suction pump is that by the exhausting of the air in the tube the water is relieved from the pressure on its surface, and rises up into the vacuum. When the handle is raised the rod or piston is pushed down in the tube towards the water, the surface of which may be considerably below the end of the rod. As the rod is pushed down the valve on the end of the rod opens and lets the air pass up through it. When the handle is next pushed down it brings the piston up, and the pressure of the air shuts the valve, and the air cannot get back again. In the lower part of the pump is another valve, which opens as the piston moves upward by the pressure of the air on the surface of the water, outside the tube, and the water passes upward through it. When the handle is again raised the upper valve opens and the lower one closes. This process continues until the piston goes through the water which has thus been raised, and the closing of the upper valve brings the water up to and out of the spout.

G. A.—It is impossible to give any complete conception of the philosophy of Swedenborg in a few lines. He believed that the Last Judgment took place in the year 1757 in the world of spirits, that he was a privileged spectator, and that a new era then commenced with the Church of the New Jerusalem mentioned in the Revelation. The Swedenborgian Church, or the Church of the New Jerusalem—which did not exist during Swedenborg's life—is founded on this idea. Swedenborg held that there are three heavens, life in which corresponds in many respects to life on earth; and there are three hells, with an intermediate state where the good lose their faults in preparation for heaven, and the bad their semblances of goodness in preparation for hell. His idea of God was a kind of Pantheism. All life is God, whether good or bad. To people of a practical and unimaginative frame of mind, many of Swedenborg's visions will appear sheer nonsense; to others, who are easily unsettled by strange and mystic teachings, they will give scope for the wildest flights of imagination; to readers who can separate poetry from the fact and appreciate gleams of truth in the midst of the wildest pyrotechnics of mysticism, there is a great deal of suggestive thought in Swedenborg's works.

## A SACRIFICE.

BY F. S.

You tell me that my love will fly,
And seek a fancy new;
You tell me that he lives a lie,
But I'll believe him true.
Women will trust, and men deceive—
Alas, 'twas ever so—
But in his honor I'll believe,
Though faith should end in woe.

If he be true, no dark conceit
Should taint my cup of joy—
No whisperings vile to mar my sweet
Content without alloy.
Then come what may I'll banish doubt,
And should he fickle prove,
I'll mourn not if my life goes out
A sacrifice to love.

# Lost in the Mist.

BY F. L. H.

I AM in the proud position of being the only girl in a family of six.

I don't know if all girls will envy me, but sincerely I think that my lot is a happy one.

My brothers are all older than myself; indeed, some of them were almost grown up when I was quite a baby, and they have always made me a great pet.

I suppose I am rather spoiled, and I know I talk slang sometimes, and do all sorts of boyish things; but, as I say to mother how can I possibly help it? She and father shake their heads at me, but I promise them to settle down into a proper, respectable lady-like person when I am thirty, if only they will let me enjoy myself with the boys until then. We live in a town house, with a big garden and a tennis court, and the river is not far off, so that we get plenty of boating.

In the winter there is skating, and we go to all the dances in the neighborhood, and get up theatricals, which are the greatest fun in the world. But I don't want you to think we are all utterly frivolous, and bent only on amusing ourselves.

It is not so, I can assure you.

We belong to a philharmonic society, and meet every week to practise for our concerts. We go to lectures in the town hall, and don't shirk the examinations afterwards; and last summer three of us went to Oxford as University Extension students, and didn't we enjoy it?

I am obliged to tell you all this, because when you see how energetic we all are you will understand the boys' astonishment at my sudden collapse. I have never had a day's illness worth speaking of in my life, and my break down was all the fault of that horrid influenza! Every one in the town had it during the spring, so how could we escape?

I nursed mother, and all the rest, and flattered myself that I was quite infection proof.

And then, weeks after, when we had almost forgotten it, I began to feel awfully queer. Well, I needn't describe the symptoms; I daresay most of you know how extremely pleasant they are! But the worse of it was, I couldn't get well; and there I was, creeping about like a lame cat, finding life a burden and everybody a bore.

Nigel wanted me to take a class of boys in his school, and to look after his old women (he is a clergyman). Bernard could not sing if I were not there to play his accompaniments. Bob and Ted and Denis were for ever asking me to do something or other for them. Mother needed me in a thousand ways, and I only sat and moped, and felt cross and miserable without knowing why. I could not shake off the heavy depression which lay upon me, and instead of being the sunbeam of the house, as the boys had sometimes called me, I must have been like a very dark cloud, or an extremely wet blanket!

And then the summer began to get hot, and the town house seemed stuffy and unbearable. Ted and Denis tried to persuade me that the air on the river was what I wanted, and their astonishment was great when I preferred remaining at home.

"She's awfully changed," I overheard one say to the other afterwards; "I never knew her so unreasonable. Do you think it possible" (this in a very awe-struck voice) "that she can be in love?"

"Nonsense," was the energetic reply; "Frances is much too sensible for that sort of thing."

I could not help laughing a little, as I sat there in the shady drawing-room.

"That sort of thing" has certainly not crossed my path yet, and I have never met anybody who could be dearer to me than my own dear brothers.

I was sitting in the twilight a few days later, when father came in with an open letter in his hand.

"Frances," he said, "how long would it take you to pack a portmanteau and start for Dartmoor?"

"Quarter of an hour," I said, opening my eyes wide. "What do you mean, daddy?"

"I have been talking with Dr. Fanshawe about you, my dear, and he says you are to go away at once. You need change, a bracing air, moorland air especially. I wrote to Chagford about lodgings, and got the reply to-night. There are two or three rooms to spare, luckily, for the whole place seems full. If you are ready to go, I will telegraph to secure them at once."

"But I am not to go alone, I suppose," I inquired, astonished at the suddenness of the proposition.

"I should like to have gone with you myself," said my father, "but I can't get away just now. Bernard says he will be delighted to take care of you, and I daresay some of the other boys will join you later. You are not to come back here until the weather is cooler and you are quite stronger."

So it was decreed with little demur on my part. I had come to the stage when I didn't care what happened to me. I felt as if I should never get back the old happy health and spirits again. But my brothers' enthusiasm about the "tors" and the trout streams, and the hut-circles, infected me in spite of yourself.

None of us had ever visited Dartmoor, but Bernard went out immediately and bought maps and guide-books, and studied the subject thoroughly.

Bob and Denis determined to have a walking tour, and explore the whole district. They arranged to start independently of us, but to meet us somewhere on the way.

So it came to pass that Bernard and I set off, two days later, with as little luggage as possible. We had to go down to Newton, then change for Moreton-Hampstead, and then drive some miles to our destination, so that our journey was a long one, and I was dreadfully tired when we arrived.

But evening was lovely, and the peace and freshness were very charming after the dust and noise of traveling.

I think the two things which first strike a visitor on coming to this little town are the abundance of its whitewash and the mellow beauty of its thatched roofs. Every available wall is whitewashed, and the winding streets dazzle you with their obstructive cleanliness. Not underfoot though, for the mud is obstructive too, and the fine rain which drifts down from the hills is too gentle to wash it away.

But the thatch! That is a real delight to an artist's eye. Thick, soft and rich, like velvet pile, with every shade of green and brown and russet melting one into the other. Moss roofs they should be called, rather than thatched ones.

The Dartmoor moss excels any other that I have seen. It seems to pity the great boulders and the stunted trees, exposed to the fury of the winter storms, and it creeps and clings and covers lovingly every available surface with its soft mantle.

The stone hedges themselves are a study worth attention. Great irregular blocks of gray moorstone, piled carelessly one on top of another, and filled at every cranny with vegetation. White lichen on this boulder, golden on that: here on a narrow ledge a fairy banqueting table of silver gray cups, there an emerald cushion from which stand up pale drooping heads of green on thread-like stalks. Now a cluster of flat round leaves, which the children love to play with, calling them money, then a growth of small-leaved delicately-veined ivy, which at a little distance might almost be mistaken for carved rock itself, so closely does it cling to the gray surface.

Bernard was in raptures over the mosses, and so was I, though I am not as much of a botanist as he is. It is very very solitary on those narrow roads, that wind up and down among the hills. We walked miles, sometimes without meeting a single creature. Overhead, perhaps a lark would sing, and the rush of a rapid torrent come up from below.

As you mounted, what a panorama unfolded itself. The gray Chagford Tower, with its white houses gathered closely round it, the green slopes running down to the valley, the woods filling in the background, and all around the great tors, between which lay glimpses of sunlit distance, misty and dreamlike. Perhaps the day has been rainy. You almost shiver at the wild dreariness of those frowning ramparts; when lo! the clouds drift by, and the sun is there, and crag and heath and height and hollow are beautiful once more!

I should like to write a great deal more about Chagford: the joyous river rushing along under the trees in the valley, the picturesque old mill, Fingle Bridge, the Gidleigh rocks with their mysterious stone avenues and rock basins; but I am afraid Mr. Editor will be getting impatient, and I have not come to our "adventure" yet, so I must hurry on.

Everybody said we did right in coming to Chagford first, and getting a mild taste of moorland air, before we ventured quite upon the moor itself. The air is perfectly delicious, and I began to feel better directly I breathed it, but for some people it is too strong, and the continual breezes on the heights may be too fatiguing at first.

We stayed a week in the quaint little village and found the reading-room a most agreeable refuge on the one wet day with which we were favored; and then we set off once more, behind a sturdy little Dartmoor pony, and made our way to Okehampton. At the end of the next week we had got down to Tavistock, and instead of skirting the moor, as hitherto, we determined to strike across it and pay a visit to Princetown. By this time I had nearly shaken off all the ill-effects of influenza; indeed I don't think any one could be ill or low spirited long on Dartmoor. The "champagne atmosphere" makes one feel, mentally and bodily, as buoyant as a cork! It was August now, and a spell of hot weather had set in. I wish I were good at describing scenery and I could make my readers see what we saw in those long summer days.

Cloudless skies were not ours by any means, for, being so high up, we were often enveloped in clouds, and quite shut out from the world below, but when they drifted by, how beautiful it was! What azure distances, and purple hollows, and dark-browed tors, rising one behind the other; what sudden streaks of silver among the heather, where the baby streams awoke, and danced and sparkled on their way to the valleys below; what gleams of gold where the gorse burst into bloom among the granite rocks! Freedom and space and solitude everywhere, and we two, with nothing to trouble or disturb us. I forgot all my depression, and told Bernard that I really thought I was the happiest girl in the world.

After a short stay at Tavistock we hired a little carriage and drove to Merrivale to see the famous antiquities. We had our luggage with us, and I persuaded Bernard to let it go on by road to Princetown, while we followed later, across the heath. The driver assured us that we could not miss our way, and left us to eat our luncheon among the solemn old stones that had been set up in the days before history began.

No one disturbed our solitude, only now and then a few sheep came and looked suspiciously at us, as if they thought we had no business to be there.

After resting half-an-hour, I proposed we should ascend a tor at a little distance for the sake of the view from its summit. Bernard was afraid the climb would be too much for me, as I had already walked some distance in our explorations, but I felt equal to anything that day, so we soon set off, stopping often as we ascended to refresh ourselves with the whortleberries, which grew thickly all the summer over the moor.

The fine weather had not continued long enough yet to make the bogs pleasant walking, and we were a long time getting to the summit. We had scarcely perceive, as we mounted, how the sky had become overcast, but when we reached the top, expecting to see a wide and beautiful landscape spread beneath us, we found everything enveloped in mist, white wreaths of which were floating round us, every moment increasing in density.

"I say," said Bernard, "this will never do! These fogs last for hours sometimes. We must get down to the road, Frances, as fast as we can."

"That will be easy enough," I said lightly, "only I must rest a few moments first, for I haven't any breath left."

So we sat down under the shelter of the tor, in silence, and the white mists rolled and curled, and folded themselves closer about us, till my eyes grew quite misty too from watching them.

Bernard looked rather grave when we got up at last to descend. "You see," he said, "if we get down on the wrong side of the hill, we shan't be able to find the road, and we may wander miles out of our way." I was more confident. I thought I remembered several landmarks which would guide us, and I took out the map to help me.

But though the map showed roads and streams and bridges, the mist prevented our seeing the realities, and we stumbled on down the slope, not knowing what direction we were taking.

Several times we got into boggy places, and had to retrace our steps, and when we arrived at length on more level ground, we could not find a vestige of road or track. We were wandering now on a bare stretch of moorland. Dimly the huge scattered stones loomed through the obscurity. There was not even a sheep to be seen here, and no trace of human habitation, and I fully realized now that our position was an uncomfortable one.

Quite lately I had seen in the papers an account of two small boys, gathering whortleberries, who had lost their way in a mist, and were found in a miserable condition, after spending a whole night on the moor, and I did not like the prospect before us.

I was getting very tired too, for by this this time we had been on our feet for hours, and I could see that Bernard looked at me anxiously. At last we came to rising ground once more. There was a little protection here under the rocks, from the wetting mist, and he persuaded me to sit down and rest while he went further, promising faithfully not to venture beyond ear-shot.

He gave me a whistle, and told me to use it at intervals, so that he could not lose my whereabouts.

It was very dreary all alone there. My boots were soaked and stained brown with the peaty water, and I felt altogether draggled and uncomfortable.

I began to examine the stones strewn around me with a critical eye, speculating as to how we could manage to spend a night under their shelter.

Every now and then Bernard whistled cheerily, and I replied to him. The wind moaned dismally up here, and I shivered in spite of my serge dress. It was hard to believe that down in the valleys the sun was most probably shining brilliantly at this very moment. Suddenly, I was aware that some one was near me. It could not be Bernard, for I had just heard his distant signal. I started up and peered about me. Something had certainly moved among the stones. I don't know what I dreaded, but certainly I did feel afraid, and my fears were not by any means allayed when there stood before me the figure of a man! A rough unshaven face he had; his garments were torn and dishevelled, and altogether he was not a reassuring object to look upon.

I returned his stare as boldly as I could, while all sorts of sorts of stories of "wild men" and escaped lunatics flitted through my remembrance.

"Got any money with you, my pretty dear?" said the man, coming very close to me.

My only answer was to whistle loudly, and Bernard's reply sounded faintly in the distance.

"He won't come back in a hurry," said the man, "there's bogs down there as'll hold him fast for a bit, while we does our business."

"Are they dangerous bogs?" I inquired anxiously, my fears for Bernard's safety being instantly aroused.

"Awkwardish" said the man, with a grin; "but never mind your sweetheart for a minute, just hand over your little purse to me, my dear, for I'm more in need of it than you."

As he stretched out his hand I suddenly perceived that his garments bore the broad arrow printed in every direction, though the rents had evidently been arranged to to hide them as much as possible.

He had a severe cut, too, upon his wrist, from which the blood was flowing freely.

Now I knew what he was. An escaped convict from the great prison at Princetown!

I think he must have seen that I had discovered him, for he immediately dropped his voice to a whining key.

"I'm a innocent man, my dear, as have been shut up in prison by a cruel mistake. You couldn't be so hard-hearted as to refuse me a few coppers to help me to get home to my wife and kids?"

Again I whistled, and again Bernard answered me. What a long time he was away! and what ought I to do? Would it be very wrong to aid this man's escape? I had always had intense sympathy with prisoners and captives since, when quite a tiny child, I had been shut up by accident in a cellar by one of the boys, and had made up my mind I was to be left there to die.

It could not matter if I gave him a few pence; I drew out my purse slowly. It was a foolish thing to do, for the instant he saw it he made a snatch, and before I had

time to resist, it was in his hands.

"Five, six, seven shillings," he said, greedily fingering the contents, "no gold. H'm, that's not much! Sure you've got nothing else?"

He looked me up and down eagerly, but I had no brooch on, and I had fortunately lent my watch to Bernard as his had met with an accident.

He emptied the purse into his pocket, and returned it to me, while I stood helplessly staring at him.

"And now," he said, coming still nearer and taking me by the arm, "you must promise not to betray me! Not to tell a single creature that you've seen me, not even your sweetheart down there. Will you promise?"

I hesitated.

"If you don't," he said, and his eyes glared savagely into mine, "I'll go down and lead him into the middle of the bog, where he can't get out, and leave him there. I know what a Dartmoor bog is pretty well, I can tell you, and you'll never see him no more!"

"I will promise not to tell," I said, after a moment's pause, for I felt like a reed in his strong grasp. "I will promise if you will show me the way back to Princetown?"

"Is it a bargain?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, wondering what Bernard would think of me.

"Then keep to this sheep track, see?" and he showed me a faint pathway which had quite escaped my notice; "go on over the next hill, and you'll get to the railway, follow that and you're all right. Now I must be off. Pity you're not a bit taller, or we might have changed clothes," He looked at me with a disagreeable laugh, and for the first time in my life I rejoiced in my smallness of stature.

Then he turned to go, but paused a moment with an exclamation of pain to readjust his torn shirt sleeve over the wounded arm.

And now I suppose I perpetrated another foolish thing. I had attended ambulance lectures, and was rather proud of my skill in bandaging the various cut and bruises which my brothers frequently brought to me for treatment. I could not bear to see him (though he had robbed me and treated me rudely) go away with such a wound uncared for.

"Let me bind up your wrist," I said; "I understand how to do it, and it ought not to be left bleeding like that." You should have seen the expression of his face; amazement and incredulity were depicted on every feature. I hastily drew out my pocket handkerchief, wetted it in a little pool, which lay at the base of one of the rocks, and approached him. He seemed to get quite shy all of a sudden, but held out his arm in silence. I had taken off my gloves, and as I attended to his hurt I could not help noticing how a little ring I wore (father's last Christmas present) twinkled and flashed in the uncertain light. I wondered if he would notice it too. But if he did he said nothing. My handkerchief was very small, and I needed something else to keep it in its place. Round my neck I had a silk one, which Bob had brought me from London—white with a red border. It was his taste, not mine I must tell you, but I often wore it, so as not to hurt his feelings. I took this off, and with its aid made a very neat job of the affair.

"There," I said, with an air of satisfaction, "doesn't that feel more comfortable?"

I got no answer, only a sort of grunt. He moved a few yards off, then suddenly he came back to me.

"It beats all," he said; "I can't make it out. I don't know what to say to you, miss. Don't think too hardly of me; you shall have your money back some day."

And I verily believe there were tears in the bold reckless eyes. He was gone before I could reply, and I heard him speeding rapidly away down the hill side over the springing heather.

I sank down upon a moss-grown rock with a tremendous sense of relief, my arm even now aching from the energy of his grasp. But I could not feel easy until Bernard returned, and once more I whistled loudly.

This time there was no reply.

Again and again I gave the signal, but the wind took it up and carried it away into the mist; and out of the dimness and uncertainty no echo returned to me.

Was it true that there were bogs down there, and that my brother had got stuck in one? For aught I knew we might be near the famous Fox Tor Mire, which was reputed to be capable of swallowing a whole regiment of cavalry and showing no sign of it.

Oh, Bernard, Bernard! Why did I let you go? Better to have endured cold and hunger a few hours together, than run the risk of such a terrible catastrophe. The moments seemed like years to me. I stumbled about among the stones. I climbed to the top of the Tor, where the great masses of granite were piled on one another, like gigantic masonry; I blew my whistle ceaselessly—No reply! Only the mist grew denser and more bewildering, till I felt as if it would choke me. I was getting soaked through, besides, and I knew that the evening must be fast approaching.

I pictured Bernard sinking in the hideous black peat bog; struggling, panting—while I was powerless to help him. Oh! it was too horrible; I could not bear it. Raising my voice to its utmost, I called him, "Bernard, Bernard!" Was it fancy, or did I hear, far and faint, an answer? Trembling with hope, I put the whistle to my lips, and blew a long, shrill, imploring blast. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, some one replied.

I don't know what my brothers would have said to see the tears that ran down my face then. I never tell Bernard of them, you may be sure. I continued whistling until he appears, then with a sense of unutterable thankfulness I sprang to meet him.

"Oh, Bernard, you frightened me awfully! Why didn't you keep on answering me?"

He looked penitent.

"I did, most of the time," he replied, "but I came to a little stream, and I thought if I followed it, it must lead to the valley at last, and possibly run into the river, near the road. And so I tracked it on ever so far, and knowing I should get back all right, I went a bit further than I intended. Poor Frances! Were you dreadfully scared? You look as if you had seen a ghost. But never mind. I know my way to that stream now, and I think if we follow it down, we shall do better than staying up here. Any way, there is a cosy little hollow half way down, where we should be quite sheltered if we have to stay the night. Come along."

Here was a dilemma! The convict had pointed in quite an opposite direction. By following his instructions we should soon come to the railway, and be safe; by going where Bernard wished, we were striking out once more into a pathless waste. And yet, there was my promise; I could not betray my informant.

"Oh, Bernard," I said desperately, "do let's go this way; I'm sure it must lead to Princetown, and I am so tired."

"But one can't be sure of anything in this horrible mist," said Bernard, "and I really am afraid to venture with you into places I haven't explored. This little hollow I have found isn't at all a bad place, Frances, for spending the night."

"Oh, but I can't bear to think of being out of doors all night," I exclaimed eagerly; "it would be awfully bad for me, Bernard. Do let's go on a little further, just down this hill and over the next. You'll see we shall come to the railway before long."

"I hope you may be right," said Bernard doubtfully. "I wish with all my heart I had never brought you here."

I am afraid I made him quite angry with me at last for insisting upon having my own way, and if I had been quite certain of his feelings on the subject, I believe I should have broken my promise, and told him of the information I had so unexpectedly received. But I was afraid that he would feel himself constrained to give a full account of the adventure to the prison authorities; and though the convict was undoubtedly a bad character, I was pitiful enough to wish him to escape. Besides which, I felt I had been weak in the money part of the transaction, and I did not feel inclined to be laughed at. You see, with a number of brothers one has to expect a great deal of chaff.

"Very well," said Bernard, at last, "have your own way, only don't blame me if we get into a bog."

"Come on," was my reply, as I stepped out cheerily again; "down this hill, and over the next, and you'll come to the railway."

I believe Bernard thought I was gifted with second sight, for when we were down in the valley at the bottom, picking our way among the wet moss and tufts of cotton grass, we heard a dull rumble as of thunder above our heads, and the up-train went by invisibly, along the shoulder of the opposite tor. The sound gave up fresh courage, and we forgot all our anxieties. Up and up we clambered, panting and dripping, but ready to laugh at all discomforts, now that our goal was nearly reached.

"Hurrah!" cried Bernard, as he came to an iron railing, and saw the railroad in front of him. "You were right after all, little one; I shall believe in you for ever after this; you're a regular 'Pathfinder!'"

I was guiltily silent at this compliment, which I did not deserve, and we climbed over the railings and got on to the line.

It was not difficult to know which direction to take, for it was a gradual ascent all the way to Princetown, and we stepped along gaily. After standing aside once to let the down train rush by, we knew we were safe for some hours, till the last mail should come up from Plymouth. The darkness was increasing, but that signified little, as it was impossible to miss the road. But presently, I began to feel so tired that I could hardly drag one foot after another.

Bernard helped me all he could, and comforted me with the assurance that we must soon be there now; and still on and on we went, till I felt as if we were in some hideous nightmare, which was going on for ever.

Bernard himself grew puzzled at last.

"I can't understand it," he said; "it seems as if we had walked miles, and yet got back to the same place again. I hope we are not 'pixy-led.'"

I laughed at the suggestion.

"You had better turn your coat inside-out," I said, "the pixies can't do any harm to you then,"

But not being a Devonshire man, Bernard denied the use of the charm, and the very existence of pixies either, and we relapsed into solemn silence.

"Cheer up," said my brother at last, "I think I see a light; we must be getting near the station."

I was too weary even to rejoice, but stumbled on, clinging to his arm. Yes, it was the station, and a few steps further brought us to our comfortable quarters, where our non arrival had occasioned considerable anxiety. I hardly remember anything more of that evening. I have a vague notion that I had some supper and a hot drink, but I knew no more until I woke twelve hours later to find the sunlight streaming into my room, and the wide expanse of moorland stretching away for miles into clear blue distance outside my window.

The fog had entirely disappeared, and the events of yesterday seemed like a grue some dream. But I was not destined soon to forget them. To my astonishment, when I descended to a very late breakfast, I found Bob and Denis just arrived. They had slept at Two Bridges, and walked up this morning, knowing where we were likely to be. They were in a tremendous state of excitement about an escaped convict, and I had to drink boiling coffee to hide my confusion.

It seems that on the previous day, while walking across the moor from Ashburton, they had met parties of warders out searching for a missing prisoner, and had joined in the search until the increasing thickness of the mist obliged them to forbear.

"Do you know if the warders got him afterwards," I inquired anxiously.

"Yes," said Bob, "he was caught this morning. Denis and I saw all the fun. He was hiding in a plantation, waiting for his friends, the warders imagine. Such a chase as he gave them. It was grand!"

"Poor fellow," I said, involuntarily.

"He was the worst character in the prison," said Denis, looking severely at me, as if I ought not to have said it; "this is the third time he has tried to escape. He cut himself badly getting over a wall, but he must have met with some one to help him, for his arm was bandaged quite scientifically, and there was money in his pocket."

Oh! what a dreadful thing it is to have a speaking countenance. Mine betrayed me at once! The boys pounced on me like hawks.

"You know something about it, Frances?"

"How could she?" asked Bernard innocently; "the man only escaped yesterday, and Frances and I were wandering in a fog, quite in the opposite direction, all the time."

"But that silk handkerchief!" said Bob; "do you remember, Denis, how I noticed, when they were handcuffing him, that it was exactly like one I brought Frances from London, white with a red border?"

"There are thousands of handkerchiefs like that in the world," said I, trying to conceal my guilt.

"But there are not thousands of people who know how to put on a bandage properly," said Bob. "You needn't try to deceive us, madam; you had better speak up, and tell us all about it."

Bernard looked from one to the other with a mystified air.

"Why, I was with her all day yesterday," he said, "expect for a quarter-of-an-hour, when she rested while I went to explore."

But the boys would not cease their tormenting, and at last it all came out. I did not scruple to tell the story now, as the poor prisoner had been retaken. I was not wrong, however, in surmising that I should be laughed at. I thought they would never stop chaffing me. The pictures they drew were certainly ludicrous, and there was something very absurd in the idea of one member of the family doing all she could to aid an escape, while the others were equally strenuous in their efforts to effect a capture.

"Well," I said at last, "there's one thing to be said in his favor. He did tell us the right way to Princetown. If he had misdirected us we should have been out all night."

"He must have been hidden among the rocks when we came there," said Bernard, "and when I left you alone, he made the best of his opportunity. I see by looking at the map that the line takes a sort of curve, almost a loop, round one of the tors. if we had only known it, we might have saved at least four miles by cutting across country, and joining the railroad again, instead of following it all the way."

"But you had better keep your share of the story as dark as you can," he added; "for the penalties for assisting prisoners to get away are very heavy."

This fact had its bright side for me, as it kept my irrepressible brothers from publishing the story amongst our friends and neighbors.

Bob pretended to be very angry at my parting with his gorgeous silk handkerchief, but I shall always be glad that I let the convict see that there was a little kindness left in the world, even for him; and I am quite certain that I shall get my money back some day, though not for a good while yet, as he has still several years of a long sentence to serve.

## Grandmother Meridith.

BY C. T. C.

WE had all drawn around the evening fire but Grandmother Meridith, who sat by the lamp reading the daily paper. Presently she laid it down, and taking off her spectacles began to wipe the mist from them and her eyes, all the while murmuring in a low tone to herself, "A great and a good man is gone! Poor William! Ah! I little thought you would be the first to go."

"Why, grandma, did you know him?" asked Maggie, looking up with an interested air.

"Yes, dear, but long years ago," she replied.

Maggie was but seventeen, of a romantic, imaginative turn of mind. Something in the old lady's voice struck her as being peculiarly mournful for the occasion, and at once suggested all sorts of romances. Following the impulse of the moment, she went up to her grandmother.

"Come, grandma," said she, "let me move your chair near the fire; then tell me all about it, won't you? It must have been pleasant to have known such a man. Was it when you were a young girl?"

"Yes, dear, when I was young," she replied; "and, maybe, it will do you good to hear about it, Maggie, as you are a wild young thing, as I was at your age."

We all drew close around her, an interested group of listeners, as she, settling herself comfortably in her chair, began her story.

"I was the only daughter, much petted and flattered in my own family. I was considered handsome, then; and being very gay, and fond of dancing, I had many admirers. Most people thought I was very frivolous, and called me a coquette. Perhaps I did flirt a little, not because I wanted the beaux, or to break their hearts; but I had the beaux, and being naturally kind-hearted, I treated most of them well and friendly. Some of them were foolish enough to fall in love with me. I never thought much about any of them, excepting William Morton and George Meridith: George was your grandpa, my dear. You know he has been dead a long time, and now William has gone too. Well, I shan't be long here!"

"But, grandma," exclaimed Maggie, impatiently, "what about grandpa and Mr. Morton?"

"Well, well, dear, you see I'd known William Morton since I was twelve years old," she resumed. "I always knew he liked me better than anybody else, but I did not trouble myself much about it. One night, when I was about seventeen, I went

to a ball at Mrs. Daintry's. Your grandpa was her nephew, and had come to pay her a visit. He was handsome, wealthy, and only twenty-three. All the girls were determined to catch him, and of course looked their prettiest; I danced with him once, but did not notice him much after that. William Morton was there, too; he was a young lawyer then, only twenty-five; but he wasn't rich, and he wasn't handsome—except his eyes, and they were large, beautiful brown ones. Early in the evening I saw him talking to Mrs. Daintry, and from their manner I thought they were talking about me; after that William seemed ill at ease and moody for the remainder of the evening. That night, when he parted from me, he bade me 'Good-by,' saying he was going away for two or three months, and asked me to correspond with him. As I had treated him rather coolly that evening, and thought he was only jesting, I assented.

"The next day George Meridith called. I was more pleased with him than before. A pic-nic party had been arranged by some of the young folks for the next day. He invited me to go with him, which I did. We had a merry time of it, though I did feel a little hurt when William's partner told me he had left town for two or three months.

"The weeks passed, and with them frequent visits and all sorts of attentions from your grandpa. William wrote to me twice; the first letter I did not notice, though I thought a great deal about it; the second I replied to, telling him I was only in jest in promising to write, and that my father did not permit me to correspond with gentleman. After that I heard nothing more from him.

"Your grandfather was rather popular, and considered a great match; besides, half the girls were in love with him. I was such a giddy young thing that I thought it would be a triumph to carry off the prize; and, with foolish delight, imagined the chagrin of the girls when they should know it. I determined he should propose to me, not that I cared anything for him then, nor did I intend to marry him; but I was young, and had never had any religious training, and thought it no harm to have a little fun out of it. He was such a clever fellow, I knew he could easily get *married*, and I did not think it would affect him much if I refused him; but I was determined he should propose. After awhile he paid me so much attention that almost every one thought we were engaged. Mrs. Daintry was anxious for the match, and encouraged them to think so. My father was a rich man for those days; he owned some large ships, and was often away from home. He brought us many handsome things from foreign parts, so that our house was comfortably and elegantly furnished. My mother was a kindly woman, and made us all happy, only she had rather a tender side towards riches. She liked William, and thought he was clever; but he was poor, so she rather encouraged me to like your grandfather.

"One evening—it was the beginning of Winter, and a very cold night, just such a one as this; the wind was howling around the house in a mournful way—I had gone into the parlor to be alone, and crouching down in front of the fire, leaned my head against a chair. The curtains were drawn back a little; and as the light from a neighboring house was reflected on the street, I could see all the passers-by.

"How handsome the high-backed mahogany and hair-cloth furniture looked!—the curtains of dark crimson, and the great candelabras, with their large wax candles, gave it such a cosy appearance. I shall never forget how it looked that night.

"A sense of comfort and drowsiness was stealing over me, when I saw a figure just passing the window. It half paused and glanced in, and then passed on. My heart would give a little bound, for it was very much like William Morton. He had been gone for three months. I was determined not to show any pleasure, and resolutely kept my place at the fire, looking out as if I had not noticed anything. Presently I heard his step in the room, and a low sweet voice whispered, 'Are you not glad to see me, Isabel? I've been gone a long time;' and, as he spoke, he bent over and took my hand. Lately I had called him Mr. Morton; but, somehow, I never could help showing that I liked him a little, when he spoke in that low, sweet tone. Everybody said he had a wonderful voice. For once I was myself; so getting up, I said frankly, 'Yes, William, I am glad you are come home.' He was pleased. 'There, Isabel,' said he, 'that was like yourself. It has been a long time since you have been so to me.'

"It was very pleasant that evening. We were all alone. I sat in the easy chair, and William sat near me, talking long and earnestly to me. He told me that he loved me, and asked me to be his wife. I felt that I loved him, and he must have seen it. But he was poor. I knew my father would never consent. I was afraid to say yes, and could not say no; so I would not answer him then. I was very happy, and the hours passed rapidly. I was surprised when he rose to go. When he left me he said, 'I will come to-morrow evening, Isabel; then will you not tell me you will be my wife? Heaven bless you, darling!' and he was gone. That night I felt how dearly I loved him, and what sacrifices I would be willing to make for him. When morning came I took a more matter-of fact view of life, and felt that it would be hard to live in poverty.

"That morning I went out riding with George Meridith. He proposed to me, and I accepted him. He spoke eloquently, and I felt that he loved me devotedly. Apart from this, he was handsome and wealthy. I then felt I could be proud and happy with such a husband; but could my pride allow me to marry a poor man? No, no, I felt I could not do that. When we returned from our ride we met my mother in the parlor. While I went to take off my things, George told her of our engagement. My mother was delighted, and he remained to dinner. Afterwards he left to inform his aunt that he had postponed his departure.

"I was tired and nervous, and went to my room to rest. When I was alone I thought of William Morton, how wrong I had acted, when I thought that I could never marry any one but him. The afternoon passed; he did not come. I imagined he did not care so much for me, after all, and in a haughty spirit resolved that I would not care for him—that none should know I suffered. I was not fickle; but indecision was my weak point. I could never make up my mind, and disliked to commit myself in anything, fearing that I might afterwards regret it. For once I had taken a decided step—that was in promising to marry George Meridith.

"I did not meet William Morton any more; and shortly afterwards I heard that he had given up his partnership and left the town. George wished to be married in a few months. I had no time for regrets, and soon became interested in the preparations for my marriage. Your grandfather was so kind and devoted that I learned to love him, and felt that I should be happy as his wife."

"And you never thought anything more of poor William?', asked Maggie, with a disappointed look.

"No, after I felt convinced that he had trifled with me, I believe I did not once think of him until the morning of the wedding," she replied. "Just as I had promised to be a kind and obedient wife, there arose before me a vision of a dark, pale face, and I seemed to hear the whispered 'Isabel, then you will be my wife! Heaven bless you, darling!' I thrust the memory away, ashamed that, at the very threshold of my married life, I had allowed another than my husband's image to cross my heart. Ah, Maggie, you see how mistaken thoughtless young girls are, sometimes.

"After the wedding we went to visit my husband's relatives, and I was much admired and flattered. I felt perfectly happy, having a devoted husband, a pleasant home, and every comfort wealth could give; but it was too much bliss to last long.

"After a few months your grandfather was very busy, and obliged to be much away from home, so that I was often alone. When he was at home I thought he was not as affectionate as he used to be. I was then very delicate, and felt it very much. My mother had just returned from a visit to a neighboring town, where she had friends residing. After telling me much of the news, she said: 'By the way, Isabel, I saw William Morton; he is doing well, but looks pale and thin. I think your marriage was a sad blow to him. I never told you, did I, about the day you engaged yourself to George? That evening, when you had gone to lie down, William Morton called to see you. I excused you, telling him you were very tired and asleep. He told me you knew he was coming, and intimated why he wished to see you. I thought a meeting would be unpleasant to both, and told him that that morning you had engaged yourself to Mr. Meridith. Poor fellow! I shall never forget how he looked. I felt almost sorry I had told him. I forgot all about it afterwards.'

"I was amazed, and before I knew what I was doing, I grew pale and sick, and could only exclaim, 'Oh mother!' as I almost fainted. Your grandfather was there, and his stern, surprised look restored my senses. I attributed it to indisposition, and, as I was taken ill soon afterwards, it made my excuse the more plausible. But I don't think your father ever forgot the suspicion that flashed across his mind at that moment, though afterwards I tried to be a more devoted wife than ever before. After that he became the stern, reserved man he was when you knew him."

"But, grandma, did you never see Mr. Morton again?" said Maggie. "Did he never know?"

"Yes, long years afterwards, when your father was a little boy, we were in Wales at an hotel. One day, on going down to dinner, I found Mr. Morton seated next to me. He seemed surprised and grieved, I thought, to see me so pale and thin. Your grandfather seemed to dislike my talking to him, and I didn't notice him much. He called on my father once afterwards, but I did not see him, and we have never met since.

"Your grandfather lost his property, and we moved about a great deal, and I had a very trying time of it. He was so stern and silent, that he wasn't much company for me. I was so much alone that perhaps I thought more about William Morton than I ought to have done. He has lived a long and useful life, amassed wealth, and occupied a high station. He never married; he died abroad, with no one to love or comfort him. Since I've been a widow I've sometimes thought that we should have all been happier if I had not acted so foolishly and wickedly in my youth. Remember, Maggie, consider well before you promise to marry any man; be sure that you love him, and no one else—that you would be willing to make any sacrifice for him. Never marry for wealth or position. The ups and downs of this life require a good stock of love at the start."

With this admonition Grandmother Meridith finished her story, at the same time expressing a wish to go to her room.

"It is strange I should have thought so much of old times to-night," she said. "Good-night, children."

The next morning Grandmother Meridith was too weak to rise, and she called Maggie to her side.

"Maggie," said she, "I had a strange dream last night. I thought that I was dead, and that William Morton met me, saying, 'I have waited for you long, Isabel. You've come at last, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.'"

By evening, Grandmother Meridith had gone to her long, last home.

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WHAT A COIN DID.—A coin is in itself a history. There was once a lost city which owes its place to a coin. For over a thousand years no one knew where Pandosia was. History told us that at Pandosia King Pyrrhus collected those forces with which he overran Italy, and that he established a mint there; but no one could put their finger on Pandosia. Eight years ago a coin came under the sharp eyes of a numismatist. There were the letters Pandosia inscribed on it, but, what was better, there was an emblem, indicative of a well-known river, the Crathis. Then everything was revealed with thosame certainty as if the piece of money had been an atlas, and Pandosia, the mythical city, was at once given its proper position in Bruttium. Now, a coin may be valuable for artistic merit, but when it elucidates a doubtful point in history or geography its worth is very much enhanced. The silver coin, which did not weigh more than a shilling, because it cleared up the mystery of Pandosia, was worth to the British Museum $1000, the price they paid for it.

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HE COULDN'T REMEMBER.—An old gentleman, who was very absent minded, often had to ring for his servant and say:

"Thomas, I am looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is."

And then Thomas would suggest: "Your purse, sir, or spectacles, or check-book?" and so on, until the old gentleman would say at last: "Of course, that's it. Thank you, Thomas."

One night the old gentleman had gone to his room all were in bed, when Thomas was startled by hearing his master's bedroom bell. He rushed upstairs and threw open the door.

"Thomas," said the old gentleman, "I came up here for something and now I can't remember what it was."

"Won't it to go to bed, sir?

"Of course," said the old gentleman; "so it was. Thank you, Thomas."

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There has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. Our wash-woman says it is a pleasure to use it. Ask your grocer for it.

## At Home and Abroad.

With a population of hardly two and a half millions, Greece has a debt of $164,000,000, or about $75 per capita.

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That gold should exist in the ocean is an induction that Dr. Henry Wurtz claims to have presented in 1866, and in 1872 the discovery was announced by E. Sonstadt. A careful computation with the best data obtainable, on the basis of 0.9 grain of gold per ton of sea water, about the proportion assigned by Sonstadt, shows that the great ocean should contain gold to the amount of over $80,000,000,000,000,000. The getting of some of this by electrolysis, Dr. Wurtz now predicts, will be one of the problems of the future.

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In support of Tyndall's conclusion that germs are everwhere present in the air, Lord Rayleigh, of the Royal Society, writes that a solution of sulphate of soda saturated to the point of crystallization has stood without crystallizing in his experiments for 18 hours when protected from the air by glass covers, but has at once begun crystallizing as soon as exposed to the air. His inference that the air contains "germs of crystallization" will not be readily accepted by chemists not so wholly committed to the germ theory.

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A recent report on the new gold fields of South Africa shows that the gold belts have an east and west direction, and are from five to 20 miles wide. At various places within these mining belts ancient workings have been discovered. These workings are generally several hundred yards in extent, and vary in depth from 25 to 50 feet. "As regards the economic conditions, labor, wood and water are abundant and cheap. The cost of living is low. The cost of transport at present is much against cheapness of handling, but this obstacle will be removed by the railroads now in course of construction."

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In a case before a Paris court, in which a popular actress has had to appear as a witness, the Judge seems to have shown considerable diffidence about asking the lady, as he was in duty bound to do, what was her age. Evidently he considered that such a question, put to a witness, would be a direct incitement to prejury, so he asked her her age before she had been sworn. "How old are you, madam?" he said. After a little hesitation, the lady owned to being 29 years of age. "And now that you have told the court your age," continued the gallant Judge, "you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

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There are sixty banks in the United States where women are employed, and curiously enough, out of the whole number all, save one, are either married or are widows. Another curious feature of this employment is that no two women are found in any one bank, and no two banks where women hold positions of any kind are located in the same city or town. This proves incontestably that the employment of women in American banks is not merely an experiment but that the conviction of woman's ability obtains in no less than sixty communities. The posts filled range from bank trustees, presidents, vice presidents, to cashiers and assistant cashiers.

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An industry which promises, it seems, to greatly increase in the near future, has been started in Arizona and New Mexico. Some years ago the discovery was made that the root of canaigre, a plant which grew wild in the woods of New Mexico and Arizona, could be used to advantage in tanning leather. Hundreds of tons of this root were dug and sold. The fact soon became evident that the supply of canaigre was nearly exhausted. The plan of cultivating the plant was then taken up by the farmers of that section. This crop has proved a success, and now we hear that many farmers are planting from 1000 to 1200 acres of canaigre. In the Pecos Valley a factory for making a tanning extract from this root is being erected. The yield is from 10 to 15 tons to the acre, and the roots bring the farmers $5 per ton.

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with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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# Our Young Folks.

## KITTEN AND THIEVES.

BY E. K. C.

IT was the time of the great flood. Swollen by the tremendous rains, the river had overflowed its banks; and almost as far as eye could see, the meadows were one great lake, studded with trees and half submerged hedgerows. When Jock and Joe, on their way back from scool, came to the footbridge, it was almost an island, the water trickling over the path at each end of it.

"We shan't be able to git to school to-morrer," grinned Jock, leaning over the rail and watching the brown, angry, swirling brook.

"That'll be a joke, and no mistake!" replied his younger brother, kneeling on the plank and feeling with his hand how far off the water was. "Hullo!" and he stopped short. "What's that?"

"What's what?" asked Jock ungrammatically.

"Summat cryin'—down—there—under the hedge, where the bank o' the brook ought to be—a young bird, like."

"Young bird!" exclaimed Jock contemptuously. "There ain't no young birds for months yet!"

"Hark! there it goes again."

"And young birds don't say 'mlow!' Least-ways, not no birds as ever I heard on. It's a cat, silly!"

"Poor Kittie! It's gettin' drowned!" exclaimed Joe. "Oh, don't, Jock, don't!" he went on, as he saw his elder brother jump up and heroically begin to clamber along the half covered bank, holding on to the hedge. "Don't go, Jock! You'll tumble backwards, and be swep' away into the river and drownded, too!"

"Ah!" Jock did very nearly slip into the brook, but it was the thorns made him cry out. The brambles were having their revenge now. Many a time had the boys, blackberrying along the brookside, robbed them of their juicy fruit. They paid him out now, spitefully, just when he wanted all the firm hold he could get.

But, with the poor cat's piteous cry ringing in his ears, Jock wasn't going to be put off by a bramble. Presently Joe, watching him eagerly from the bridge, saw him stoop at the corner of the hedge.

"It's a little, tiny, wee kittie—a poor little kittie!" Jock called back.

There she stood—in an old basket with some hay, which, floating down on the flood from nobody knows where, had stranded at the corner of the hedge—and turned a piteous little face up to Jock, with a plaintive "mew" as if her heart would break. Where she came from, whose she was, and how she had managed to survive the perils of her voyage in the basket, nobody ever knew except Kittie, and she—didn't tell.

There were many houses and farms flooded out in the valley that winter—many fowls, sheep and even cattle caught and drowned.

But Kittie was saved. Jock was just in time, for the hamper, catching the lap of the current, was filling fast; and the kitten, dainty about wetting her paws, had already retreated into the farthest corner of her shelter. Jock put out a hand, seized her, and then—wondered how ever he was to carry her.

To climb back safely, holding on by one hand, seemed impossible. So Jock popped her inside his smock frock and began his return journey. It seemed harder than before.

The swirling brook beneath his feet made him giddy; the thorns pricked worse than ever. Besides, Kittie, as much frightened as he was, held on like him—with all her might and main, but by digging her claws into him.

What between the thorns and the claws, Jock shrieked aloud, terrifying Joe, who gave him up for lost. But, at last, they reached dry land in safety. Joe took the kitten, and they carried her triumphantly home to little Maisie.

Maisie was delighted! What a hero Jock seemed in her eyes! Nothing would satisfy her but that she might keep the kitten for her very own. When Father came home from work, she coaxed him till he said "Yes." He generally did, if Maisie coaxed long enough.

Mother grumbled a little about the milk.

"She's so little, she won't drink much, and I'll give her mine," said Joe.

"And think of the rats and mice she'll eat when she's big!" added Jock.

So Mother said "She'd see," which was much the same as Father's "Yes"; and Kittie stayed.

They called her Smut, because she was black. Smut grew apace, and by the time the floods were gone she was running about everywhere.

The first warm spring day, when the children got leave to eat their tea out of doors, Smut went with them and tried to climb up the fir tree. She stuck half way up the trunk, and Jock had to swarm up and fetch her down.

Then she got lost, and such a day she choose for it, too! Mother had gone into town to stop the night at Granny's, who was ill, and they sent down from the farm for Father to come and sit up with a sick cow. So the children were left alone. But Jock promised to take great care of Joe and Maisie.

When, however, Mrs. Burton, the neighbor up the lane, came in at bed-time, to see if they were safe and the fire out, she found them in such tribulation. Kittie had been missing since before tea-time!

"I'se sure she's been stolen by those two ugly-looking tramps I seed sittin' under the hedge in the lane this afternoon," sobbed Maisie. "Stolen! 'cos she's so pretty!"

Mrs. Burton comforted them as best she could, telling them to go to sleep like good children; that Father would come back in the morning, and he'd find Kittie.

It was a wet and windy night, Jock could not bear to think of his delicate little pussie out in the rain. Suddenly, as he lay awake, he fancied he heard, above the wind, her well-known little voice, mewing, just under the house. He sat up, listened, and felt sure it was indeed Smut.

Then he crept out of bed, put on his clothes quickly, and climbed quietly out of the low window. Sure enough, there she was. Cowering against the house, dragged and shivering, sat the kitten.

Jock caught her up in his arms, and was just going to speak to her, when—he saw two dark figures slink out of the wood, through the gate, and disappear round to the cottage door.

Then he remembered the two ugly-looking tramps they had seen asleep in the hedge, and at the same moment he recollected that Father's yearly rent, due next day to the Squire—four golden sovereigns—lay done up in an envelope on the dresser, the amount marked outside, ready to go to the Hall next morning.

They were thieves, come to rob, and, perhaps, even murder Joe and Maisie in their sleep.

Jock hesitated a moment; then tightly clasping Smut, who would probably have preferred to be put warm in bed, he tore off to the Burtons as fast as he could run.

He roused old Burton and his sons, and back they all came hurriedly. Noiselessly they stole to the door, opened it, and found the two visitors enjoying themselves on Father's beer barrel, with the latter's best Sunday clothes on, and one with the envelope with the rent in his pocket.

Jock got great praise in the village when it was known how cleverly he had caught the thieves, but he always said that it was Smut who had done it.

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MARRIAGE.—It has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire his fortune before he marries; that the wife must have no sympathy nor share with him in the pursuit of it—in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and that the young married must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming to those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unwise; it fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue, and promoting vice; it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by fortune and passively sustained without any care or concern on their part. It is thus many a wife becomes not a "help-mate," but a "help eat."

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CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.—Why should not a child's fancy in the way of food—we refer to its intense dislike of certain things—be regarded, as well as the repugnance of an adult. We consider it a great piece of cruelty to force a child to eat things that are repulsive to it, because somebody once wrote a wise saw to the effect, "that children should eat whatever is set before them." We have often seen the poor little victims shudder and choke at the sight of a bit of fat meat, or a little scum of cream on boiled milk, toothsome enough to those who like them, but in their case a purgatorial infliction. Whenever there is this decided antipathy, nature should be respected, even in the person of the smallest child; and he who would act otherwise is himself smaller than the child over whom he would so unjustifiably tyrannize.

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## THE AMISH SECT OF INDIANA.

AROUND the quaint little village of Berne, in Adams country, live probably 2,000 of the queer religious sect known as the Amish, pronounced as though the word was spelled Omish. Essentially a farming community, they are a source of never-ending interest among strangers who pass that way, but for all that they are frugal, thrifty, hardy in constitution, and with their deep piety they never give the peace officers trouble.

The denomination gets its name from a German word and all speak German fluently; indeed, many of the members cannot utter a word in English. In many respects they resemble the Quakers, dressing very plainly, and wearing broad-brimmed black felt hats summer and winter.

The men never shave, wear their beards and hair very long, the latter being "docked" at a point which permits the square cut ends to brush the coat collar. The clothing is altogether homespun, generally linsey, with a clerical cut, and invariably of a sober tan or gray color.

On Saturday they come into Berne to do their trading, driving large, fat horses, carefully groomed, to their plain but substantial wagons or spring vehicles.

In summer they wear no shoes, and promenade the street in Berne with their trousers rolled half way to their knees and their skirt sleeves up to their elbows. To sport jewelry of any kind is a capital crime which subjects the offender to rigorous church discipline.

Their farming utensils are of the most primitive character. The entire colony is at war with progress, and implements which lighten labor, even among the younger members, are regarded with suspicion, and are grudging adopted. At this late day they continue to thrash their grain by tramping it out with their well-fed horses, rather than use the rapid, economical, energy-conserving, but ungodly separator.

The members take little part in elections. Occasionally they are induced by the representations of politicians that the success of one party or one man will unfavorably affect their financial interests or religious liberty, and they then turn out on election day.

Generally speaking, they support the Democratic ticket when they do vote, but Major George W. Steele, Republican, has frequently polled a large proportion of the Amish vote when he was a candidate for Congress.

In every campaign the politicians glean industriously that part of the political field, but always with indifferent success, the simple people shying warily away from the turbid pool of politics. The Amish never figure in litigation.

The Old Testment is their law, and if a man does them an injury they bear the imposition in silence, and in case a horse is stolen from a member no attempt is made to recover the property or punish the thief. Their religious services are held at private houses, and all present participate in the exercises, praying or talking whenever the spirit moves them.

In courtships the young Amish must first consult mutual friends of the families, who act as intermediaries, and if the attentions of the young men to the young women of their choice are acceptable, they call, and the love-making begins.

The Amish will never set the world aflame; they are careless of the busy hum around them, but their devout Christianity, their untiring industry, and the fact that a member of the colony never has known want, speak volumes in praise of these unpretentious people, who own the best farms in fertile Adams county.

Lately pioneers of the colony have migrated to western Ohio and taken up valuable lands in Paulding county, where several hundred of the Adams county members of the colony will ultimately settle, but the community at Berne is strongly attached to that locality, which they have made to blossom as the last rose in the last thirty-five years, and there they will probably live until they are assimilated by the surrounding population.

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IT is quite natural that a man should be rattled when his girl shakes him.

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If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Icebergs sometimes last for 200 years.

The giraffe and armadillo are voiceless, with no vocal chords.

The wars of the last seventy years have cost Russia $1,775,000,000 and the lives of 664,000 men.

There are said to be twenty-eight varieties of the lemon grown in Italy. The French cultivate eleven.

New York city has two places of worship in which the entire service is conducted in the Greek tongue.

The bill to abolish Bible kissing as part of the formula of judicial proceedings is now a law of the State.

Some stars are believed to be so far away that 2,000,000 years are required for their light to reach the earth.

The total output of canned tomatoes in 1894 in the United States was 5,666,979 cases, against 4,479,183 cases in 1893.

The ancient Romans considered February 29th a most critical season, always reckoning it among their unlucky days.

The first treaty ever made by Japan with any foreign power was with the United States, through Townsend Harris, in 1858.

Preparations are being made to take the census of the whole of Russia on a single day next autumn. The last census was taken in 1886.

It has been calculated that on a steamer like the Campania or the Etruria more than 3000 articles of glass and china are broken every voyage.

British savants say the influenza microbes breed for their world-circling journey of destruction in the big, bare, cold churches of Russia.

Football on bicycles is the latest athletic craze in Brooklyn, and several interesting games have been played by members of the Brooklyn Cycle Club.

Chinese dentists rub a secret powder on the gum over the affected tooth, and, after about five minutes, the patient is told to sneeze. The tooth then falls out.

The snake laboratory in Calcutta will soon be in working order. The properties of the poison will be investigated and so called cures will be tested under scientific conditions.

The number of youthful rulers in Europe is without parallel. The present Czar is 27, Emperor William is 36, the Queen of Holland 15, the King of Spain an infant, the King of Servia 21, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria 36.

It is said that since the introduction of electric light public performers are able to preserve their voices in better condition, being 50 per cent. more often in good voice. They are cooler, do not perspire, and don't get husky.

Out of 64,082 men under two years' service in the British army 770 were last year discharged as invalids. The desertions fell from 1467, to 1056, and of these 1033 rejoined. The number of men who purchased their discharge fell from 2617, in 1893, to 2454.

Germany is far ahead of other countries in the number of telephones. In the whole of France there are not so many telephones as there are in Berlin alone. In the Empire at large there are 378 places with telephone communication, with a total of 84,930 instruments.

The grotesque appearance of female attire in Siam is heightened by the manner in which the hair is dressed. The wives of Siamese noblemen have their hair cut to within two inches of the head and so stiffened as to resemble the quills of a porcupine when the animal is in danger.

Congressman Thomas B. Reed is said to favor the removal of the chairs from the House of Representrtives and the substitution of benches such as are used in the British Parliament. He thinks this would lessen the noise and confusion and facilitate the transaction of business.

During the last hundred years France has had no fewer than seventeen Constitutions. Not content with this exhibition of political versatility French history reveals that seven provisional governments at different times managed to worry along without the annoyance of a Constitution.

A post-card posted at Hampstead, England, to an address not five minutes' walk from the sender's house, made a journey of 25,000 miles. In the post the card slipped into a newspaper bound for Tasmania. On reaching Tasmania the card was discovered and returned to the sender in a letter.

The owner of a menagerie in Berlin, which includes the "happy family," consisting of a lion, a tiger, a wolf and a sheep, was asked one day in confidence how long these animals had lived together. "About nine months," he replied, "except the sheep, which has to be renewed occasionally."

Until recently there has been a bounty of $10 a head on wolf scalps in Illinois, and the payment for scalps has at times exceeded exceeded $200 in a single year. Upon investigation it was found that a number of persons have been breeding the animals on what are known as wolf farms, and accordingly the bounty has been repealed.

### LITTLE DOTT.

BY W. W. LONG.

Sweet and coy is she,
Standing there,
That dear little elf,
On the parlor stair.
From my finger tips
A kiss to her skips;
She's the purest of pearls,
The sweetest of girls;
And her elfish smile
My heart doth beguile;
My beautiful pet,
Love's delicate violet;
A fairy of lovely mould,
Little Dott, four years old.

### HOW IT'S DONE.

Uncle Sam issues every year from his printing office about 1,000,000 volumes of various kinds of literature, at a cost of somewhat more than $1,000,000. These consist largely of reports of various departments of the Government. The total weight of the copies printed of the last annual report of the Secretary of Agriculture was sixty tons. Illustrations are furnished by contractors outside.

Those made for the Department of Agriculture, and more particularly for the Bureau of Ethnology, are very expensive. The cost of illustrations sometimes runs up to $100,000 in a single year.

Money spent for bindings mounts up to an enormous sum annually. For that purpose during the last fiscal year were used the skins of 53,000 sheep, 3,600 imported hides of Turkish goats for "morocco," and great quantities of the pelts of other beasts, including 100,000 square feet of Russian leather, made from cowhide.

The Government Printing Office turns out 350,000 blank books every year. Some of these are very expensive. Three of them are made annually for Congress, to contain the names and addresses of Senators and Representatives and their accounts with Uncle Sam, which cost $65 each. Each of them weighs 85 pounds and contains 1,200 pages. The paper of which they are composed is of the finest that can be made, the quantity of it required for the three books costing $60. Material for the binding costs $48.

No such blank books are manufactured anywhere else in the world as are produced in this printing office. Nothing is too expensive to be put into them, and the lettering on their backs is of pure gold. From the high cost mentioned they run all the way down to two cents apiece for receipt books, etc., used in the departments.

Because of their varying sizes and shapes the blank books are folded by hand. First, however, the pages are printed with such lettering as is required, after which they are ruled by ingenious machines.

Hand-sewing is chiefly employed in the binding of blank books and other volumes. There are 195 sewers, all of them women, and of these 150 are handworkers.

Departmental reports are mostly sewed by machines with huge spools of thread. They do the business faster, but not so well.

More than 1,000 women are employed in the shaky building. Some of them fold documents, others feed presses, and yet others stamp titles in gold letters upon the backs of books.

The stamping with gold letters is done by hand, but for most of the books what is called "German metal," which is a mixture of brass and lead, is considered good enough, and it is supplied by machines.

A young woman is in charge of all the gold leaf scraps, for the safety of which she is responsible. Sometimes as much as $16,000 worth of it accumulates in her drawer. It is sent finally to the Philadelphia Mint, together with the pieces of India rubber employed in the process. The rubber becomes saturated with gold, and a small chunk of it will sometimes assay as high as $20.

It is a woman also who does the paging of the blank books. This work used to be performed by hand, and was very tedious, but with the aid of an ingenious machine a single operator can page a blank book of 600 pages in ten minutes.

But the most interesting operation connected with the making of blank books has to do with the "marbling" of the edges and flyleaves. This is a very curious process, indeed, involving the use of a substance called "gum Senegal," which is obtained from a kind of tree that grows in Africa.

A shallow trough is filled with a solution of the gum in water. The workman in charge has several pots of fine water colors in liquid form—vermillion, orange, green and blue. Small quantities of these he scatters over the surface of the viscid solution, and then with an instrument that looks like an exaggerated comb he combs the surface, producing a queer mixture of tints.

Upon the surface thus prepared he lays a sheet of blank paper flat. As he picks it up again the pattern of mingled colors is seen to be beautifully reproduced on it. The same thing is done with the edges of the leaves of a book, which are brought carefully in contact with the surface of the gum Senegal. Some of the color devices made in this way by eccentric combings of the fluid are quite astonishing, resembling to the eye of fancy giants, mermaids, dragons and all sorts of freaks.

An important part of the work of the Government Printing Office is the printing of bills for Congress. Though only a few hundreds of the measures submitted to the National Legislature in a year become laws, millions of copies of them have to be printed. A bill must go through many phases before it can become a law, and during the process of its evolution it has to be printed again and again. It is offered by the Representative, let us say, in the shape of a rough written draft. As a matter of course it is referred to its appropriate committee and ordered to be printed. The committee, in due time, reports it to the House, with or without amendment. Then it is printed again. Perhaps it may be further amended in Committee of the Whole, in which case it is printed once more. If it is passed it must be reprinted again in a new form.

If finally passed, a single copy of it is printed on the finest parchment, and this goes to the President of the United States for his signature. It is now a law, and is handed over to the Department of State, to be filed away in the nation's archives.

## Grains of Gold.

Laziness is a heavy burden.

Hope is the half-brother to happiness.

Honey is sweet, but don't lick it off a briar.

The man who rides a hobby generally travels in a rut.

The virtues are lost in self-interest as rivers are in the sea.

A black hen lays a white egg—don't judge by appearances.

Give the devil his due and he comes back after compound interest.

The generous heart should scorn a pleasure which gives others pain.

The man who lives only for himself, is engaged in very small business.

He who wishes to secure the good of others has already secured his own.

Strength is born in the deep silence of long suffering hearts; not amidst joy.

It is marvellous how long a rotten post will stand, provided it be not shaken.

It is as easy to call back a stone thrown from the hand as to call back the word that is spoken.

Some people think they are growing in grace because they can do wrong and not feel bad.

Individuality is everywhere to be spared and respected as the root of everything good.

He is incapable of a truly good action who finds finds not a pleasure in contemplating the good actions of others.

## Femininities.

The crowning act—A coronation.

The girls say that lorgnettes bring the young men nearer.

The man whose religion costs him nothing pays for all he gets.

An eccentric woman of Oshkosh, Wis., recently died at the age of 100 years, who for the past 20 years has been using a coffin for a bed.

A man lately appeared with legs so attenuated that the authorities had him arrested because he had no visible means of support.

Miss Braddon, the novelist, has lost her husband, Mr. John Maxwell. He was a publisher, and thirty-five years ago started Temple Bar.

The present Sultan of Morocco is descended from an Irish girl, who became a member of the then royal harem more than 100 years ago.

Why are ladies the biggest thieves in existence? Because they steel their petticoats, bone their stays, crib their babies and hook their eyes.

Each of the five wives of a Georgia widower have died on Friday. He says that the old theory that Friday is unlucky is a silly superstition.

A citizen of Anderson, Ind., recently sold his wife and household effects for $25. This was $20 more than the price asked, but the purchaser was rich.

Rev. A. B. Earle, the evangelist, who died in Boston recently, is said to have converted 160,000 persons during the sixty years of his evangelical work.

Adelina Patti will receive $12,000 for six performances at Covent Garden, $2000 a night, which is nearly double what any prima donna has ever received at a London opera house.

Visitor: "And is your mistress so very ill? I am exceedingly sorry. Do you think she will die to-day?" Man-servant: "She is very bad, mum, but she can't die to-day. This is cook's day off."

"Ah," remarked a confirmed misogynist of great algebraical and mathematical acquirements, "women are like negative quantities! The more there are of them the less they are worth."

"I have noticed," said the corn-fed philosopher, that the man who spends most of his time in getting at the bottom facts of things often has a wife who has to spend her time in scraping the bottom of the flour barrel."

"What was the explosion I heard a few moments ago?" asked the head of the house. "One of Miss Charlotte's pneumatic sleeves was blown up too tight and burst, sir," replied the servant; "I've just telephoned for two surgeons, the ambulance and seven reporters."

It is mentioned by Mrs. Hannah More, that in her time it was the fashion for ladies to ornament their hats not only with flowers but fruit; and Garrick, to ridicule this fashion, had a hat made for a scene in a comedy, with turnips and carrots by way of ornament.

"I guess my hat's my own! I paid for it!" snapped the young man at the matinee, addressing the two men who were making audible remarks about her towering headdress; "and I paid for my seat, too!" "But you didn't pay for all the space between your seat and the ceiling, my dear young lady," mildly observed the elder of the two men.

Some remarkable figures are given as to the popularity of nursing as an occupation among women. At one of the large London hospitals upward of 5000 applications have been made to enter the Nursing Training Home during the last year. At another London hospital more than 800 applications were received within two months of this year.

"Why," shouted the impassioned Populist orator, "why is it that the wife of the American farmer lacks the happy, contented look to be found on the face of the bareheaded peasant woman of Europe?" "Because," said the man near the door, "because the bareheaded peasant woman does not have to worry all the time about her hat being on straight."

Mrs. Grace Broomhead, divorced wife of Alfred Broomhead, of Chicago, acted as bridesmaid when he was married recently to Clara Gregory. Justice Murphy noticed that the bridesmaid was deeply affected. When asked to sign her name as a witness to the contract Justice Murphy saw that her name and that of the bridegroom was the same. He asked if they were relatives, and she replied that she was his former wife.

Two new enterprises have just been originated by Miss Francis E. Willard, one the raising of a fund to extend the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union among colored women, which she desires to be a memorial to Mrs. Mary T. Lathrop; the other a free literature fund, to be named for Mrs. Mary A. Woodbridge. The funds are to be raised by means of a phonograph at the Woman's Temple, Chicago, which, for the sum of 10 cents, will reproduce two-minute addresses of leading speakers.

## Masculinities.

A caterpillar contains more than 2,000 muscles.

The Marquis of Lorne has written a comic opera.

Bismarck never uses any pens save those made of goose quills.

Many of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

The Czar of Russia is about to assume another title—Emperor of Asia.

The man who contributes to foreign missions makes his money go a long way.

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

Among the candidates for Mayor of Lexington, Neb., is Sam Wai Tai, a Chinese.

Happiness when sought as a mere end never comes. To be happy is to make others so.

It didn't require much of a philosopher to discover that all rich widows are handsome.

When a man is accused of having more money than brains, it doesn't always follow that he is rich.

Sometimes a woman's face is her fortune, and it's the same with drummers, nine times out of ten.

The Duke of Bedford has imported 2000 frogs from America to free the ponds on his estates from parasites.

Some men's acquaintances are like their obligations. They make them and never recognize them afterward.

A Biddeford man has been allowing the oil cloths to accumulate on his floor. He now has 13, each over lying the other.

A Jersey City undertaker advertises that he furnishes "every requisite for a funeral." He must be a doctor as well as an undertaker.

"Thar is the place whar the Major fell through the ice." "How do you know?" "Easy enough. Jest look at that cork floatin' yander."

The railway stations in Sweden at which meals are served are known by a sign which bears the suggestive emblem of a crossed knife and fork.

Maud: "Is Mr. Merton still paying attention to your daughter?" Mr. Goldbug: "Why, good gracious, no! He's not paying her any attention at all now. They're married."

Watt's "Did you try that hot water cure for your cold?" Potts: "Yes. It is simply great, too. You see, I mixed it with a little whisky and lemon, and I never had anything slip down so easy."

Prince Bismarck recently said to an American who had the pleasure of an interview with him, that one of his greatest regrets was that he had never had an opportunity of visiting this country.

A new law has just been passed in Austria relative to dueling. A principal will in future only be incarcerated for a term of six months. Seconds, doctors, and all others concerned will be exempt from punishment.

Kaiser William has forbidden the officers and men of the Berlin garrison to smoke in the principal streets of that city, in consequence of irregularities in the salute offered to His Majesty and the members of the royal family.

There is a fashionable Turkish bath in New York that offers a new luxury to its patrons. It has several readers who are at the disposal of the bathers, and you can be read to sleep after your rubbing down if you care to be.

Under the Belgian law unmarried men over twenty-five have one vote, married men and widowers have two votes, and priests and other persons of position and education have three votes. Severe penalties are imposed on those who fail to vote.

The Emperor of China has a household consisting of 500 persons, including thirty bearers of State umbrellas, an equal number of fan bearers, thirty physicians and surgeons, seventy-five astrologers, seventy-six cooks and sixty priests.

In reply to the request of a German authoress for his autograph, Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria sent the following praiseworthy sentiment: "Take your duties seriously, and require the same of others; but be lenient toward the failings of your neighbor."

One of the vintages of Alsace has the name of "Drei Manner Wein," because it takes three men to drink a single glass of it. One of the three is made to sit down in a chair, and the second holds him there, while the third pours the wine down the victi throat.

The profession of a bullfighter is, also a if somewhat dangerous, appears to us, who very remunerative one. Senor Gr already has killed 300 bulls this year, a season is earned 300,000f., say, $75,000, and killed dur not yet over. He is said to be worth $600, fog his career 1400 bulls and of great intel- 000. He is spoken of as often. ligence and of kindly

## Latest Fashion Phases.

The shirt waists for the coming season do not differ very materially from those of last year. The sleeves are very large, and there is more fulness across the bust. The band around the neck and the collar are higher, but the general effect is not too marked to absolutely condemn last year's stock if one must consider economy.

The collars are made either high or turned over, with the preference for the latter. It is considered very smart to have collars of white linen, to button on the band with gold studs.

Corded ducks for tailor gowns run up to one dollar, but twenty five to fifty cents is the popular price in white, china blue, tan, yellow, etc. A teviot suiting resembling duck or basket weaves has also the appearance of woolen goods. It comes in stripes, checks, seeded stripes, jacquard figures, plain grounds and tweed effects, and is suitable for house, street and outing wear.

Crepon ginghams are neat for gowns to be worn in the afternoons, and simply trimmed with open embroidery or left untrimmed. These are of three shades alternating with a similar stripe of lighter shades.

Tailors seem disposed to outdo the dressmakers in the size and width of sleeves and skirts. They announce for the demi season that sleeves are to be larger than ever, and skirts are to flare from the hips down until they become eight yards wide at the foot. If such exaggerations are to be adopted it is well that stuffs of very light weight are to be employed for tailor gowns. These are mostly homespun and boucle cloths; loose and roughly woven, yet pleasantly soft to the touch. They come in most exquisite coloring. In some mauve prevails, in others bluet amio white threads and black loops, in others pale blue with tan and the black boucle, while still others of pale lilacs in rough bourette knots are interwoven with cream color. The universal green appears in long lines on ground of cream white and brown, and threads of yellow and blue are seen in gray woven without design on hand looms of peasants in their cottages.

Satin of two contrasting shades is shown in combination with velvet of still another shade in a very handsome gown, so it looks as if the time of rag bag rigs were not over yet awhile, and that in spite of apparent extravagance the cunning woman may after all practice economy.

Capes display a tendency to multiply in style and fulness, and are unmistakably the garment most adapted and most useful for spring wear. Naturally they are shorter than those worn in winter, and they are made of all sorts of materials, such as serge, smooth-faced cloths, perforated cloths over a darker shade and bright color, satin and velvet. Those of more dressy and summery description, with beauty, not warmth, to recommend them, have a deep yoke of velvet embroidered with jet, or one of silk thickly covered with spangles, and double frills of chiffon or lace around the edge.

A charming little novelty in this special line of frivolity has a yoke of green spangles, put on so that they overlap each other like fish scales, and two frills of accordion-plaited black chiffon with satin stripes on the edge, falling below. The ruche of chiffon around the neck is very full and wide at the back, and a bunch of white roses with plenty of green leaves is tucked in at one side in front.

Many of the capes are made with stole ends, but the French women consider it a matronly style, so it is not popular with them. Satin ribbon arranged in loops on either side of the front of the neck and falling in one long end is a pretty substitute for the stole ends and much more youthful in effect.

The craze for violets has attacked the capes as well as the parasols. A garment, which may be more suitably called a collarette than a cape, of black open-worked embroidered chiffon over violet silk is decked out around the shoulders, with a garniture of these little blossoms arranged with drooping, irregular-shaped bunches at intervals.

Floral garnitures are much used on evening gowns. Something very chic is made of lilacs arranged in braces over the shoulders and drooping bunches over the ...os, which are caught with upstanding ro... of lilac satin ribbon. Berthes of tell... are worn around the neck, and breathe w... flowers are found very useful to

Blouh who are not over plump.

close-fitting for handsome dresses, and are made vests for tailor-made gowns spotted with black moire silk, shot or ...lor, and open work. Embroided silk over a contrasting color is also used for close fitting vests.

Butter colored straw hats are trimmed with yellow and pink chiffon rosettes alternated around the crown and quite covering the rim. Yellow and pink roses droop over the hair at the back, with green wings each side in front.

The latest novelty in evening shoes is a black satin slipper with an applique of white Brussels lace on the toe. Satin slippers elaborately spangled to match the paillettes used on the gown are another fad of fashion.

Rosettes of lace or ribbon are one of the little accessories of dress, and they appear on hats and capes, and on the waists, sleeves and skirts with great effect. A peach-colored satin evening gown is trimmed up the seams of the skirt on either side of the front with rosettes of pink crepon in graduated sizes.

Collars and yokes of sheer linen lawn trimmed with lace and embroidered insertion and edging are to be worn with gingham and lawn dresses.

### Odds and Ends.

SOME SEASONABLE KNICK KNACKS.

Everyday now the shops become more radiant with pretty trifles. Small wares which would serve for models to be reproduced by nimble fingers are much in vogue. There are vide poches in various bright-colored satins, trimmed with satin drop fringe exactly matching. The foundation is a couple of cardboards cut into a good form with many angles, the upper cardboard having a centre hole large enough for a watch. These are to be had in green, yellow, and red; with them are some china shoes, well colored and well shaped, intended to be hung up against the wall. The cardboard chests of drawers for buttons have now square pincushions covered with silk on the top, and some of the prettiest pendant pincushions are made in satin to resemble cut oranges, with rows of pins in each segment. Some wastepaper baskets are of the tube shape with a band of coarse lace at the top, which, with the wickerwork, is gilt or covered with a lustre paint of a red or green hue. Cardboard leaves covered with satin or velvet and surmounted by pretty flowers form pincushions.

The manufacturers have certainly brought their ingenuity to a most successful issue, and an element of beauty is combined with cheapness. Amber caskets and pretty vases of different colored glass are set in gilt framework, and the untarnishable gilt is a delightful novelty. The metal is worked in very artistic designs, and is applied to trinket-boxes, the backs of hair-brushes, mirrors, powder-boxes, and many other uses for which of late silver has been employed. Painted antelope's skin in mouse-color has been prettily painted with heartseases and applied to a variety of useful purposes. Square, crescent-shaped and heart-shaped boxes, and others formed like a shamrock, are useful for jewelry. Blotters, hand mirrors, and photographs frames all display this new adaptation of leather, which is a most decorative addition to our room; and so are easel frames for photographs in light green velvet, worked with paillettes bound with brocade.

The Louis XV. brocade has been turned to a new purpose, covering pails and jugs with brushes inside for pen wipers; and the new russet-colored bronze in the exact shade of autumn leaves have been adapted to a variety of uses. There are ash trays in the shape of single leaves or two united, inkstands, paper cases, watch stands, trinket stands, etc. This is a special novelty, artistically pleasing to the eye and durable. No one nowadays has any excuse for being without a photograph frame; their name is legion and the cost infinitesimal. They are made in leather velvet, polished wood—indeed, the variety is endless.

The diminishing value of silver is apparent in the extremely reduced prices of many salt cellars, pepper pots and nut crackers.

Metal pentrays with a mouse on a hart's tongue fern leaf are a capital addition to a writing table. Well modelled watch and ring stands, gilt or silver, assume many new shapes, and a handsome cigar box made of tortoiseshell with metal corners, the word "cigars" across, is a gift most men would appreciate. Some new photograph screens are covered with velveteen, displaying large chrysanthemum blooms. Crushed morocco has been brought out now in deep blue and dark red, and applied to letter-cases, purses, pocket-books, card-cases, and other uses. Popular golf has given the idea of a new candlestick. The ball, cut in half, holds the candle, supported by golf sticks; and some of the prettiest frames for photographs are made in light pearl-blue and light green Suede kid.

To Clean Furniture.—An occasional washing with soap and water is an excellent thing for some sorts of furniture, but the soap used should be as carefully chosen as toilet soap. The alkali in common soaps is apt to have a bad effect upon the wood. Lukewarm water should be used, and the entire piece to be cleaned should first be carefully dusted.

When a piece of furniture is very badly defaced and dented it should be instrusted to some good repairer, who may sometimes find it necessary to scrape off the old finish entirely, in order to make a satisfactory piece of work. When the wood is slightly dented one may sometimes overcome trouble by steaming the indentation with a hot iron and a wet cloth, afterwards making a small pad of muslin and rubbing over the surface some thin shellac, just adding a touch of oil to make the work easier. Scratches may be treated in the same way.

Raw linseed oil and spirits of turpentine, in the proportion of two-thirds oil and one of turpentine, is the modern furniture reviver. It is what professionals rely on; as a rule they use no other. The woodwork should be first carefully wiped off with a dry, soft cloth, and the dust thoroughly removed from corners and carvings. The best article to accomplish this is a large paint brush, usually called a painter's duster. The oil may then be applied with a smaller brush, wiping off with a soft cloth and rubbing thoroughly dry. It will be found that dents and scratches lose their prominence under this treatment; should this method be pursued regularly there will be no difficulty experienced in having furniture retain a fresh appearance.

A varnish which will resist rust may be made by dissolving half a pound of asphaltum and the same quantity of pounded resin in about two pounds of tar oil. Mix hot in an iron kettle, taking care to prevent any contact with the flame. When cold the varnish is ready for use.

GATHERING AND DRYING TEA IN JAPAN.—Tea gathering is commenced in May. Girls are employed, at an average of twopence halfpenny a day, from sunrise to sunset. The sprig of leaves is nipped off carefully with the finger daily and deposited in a basket, and other servants carry these baskets, as they are filled, to the tea planter's house and necessary outhouses. Here other employees spread them out on large palm mats, and here the first and only adulteration essayed by the tea-planter is executed. Having decided the percentage of exhausted leaves to mix with his fresh leaves these are put also on the mats. The drying is in the open air and in the sunlight. That having been completed, the next operation is the curling. To effect this the dried leaves are poured into open, cast iron receptacles over a charcoal furnace beneath of accurately graded heat. Sufficient laborers are placed around the pans to constantly take in their hands the leaves as they become heated and to roll them. When the curling is done the leaves are packed in coarse, cheap boxes freighted to the nearest tea market and there sold to a foreign tea dealer. Every foreigner keeps a special variety of tea-taster, who has to tell the quality of the fresh leaf and to make a guess at the amount of the leaves that have already done service.

"DAGO."—A street epithet, still too much the slang of the curb to have been cast in our teeth yet by our British cousins, is the word, "Dago." For years this mysterious term has been the instrument of torture by which the malicious gamin has tormented those Italo-Americans who peddle busts, grind handorgans or balance huge cargoes of lumber upon their heads. The word is, however, a misnomer and belongs to the Portuguese and not to the Italian. It is a corruption of the Portuguese Diego, or James, the patron saint of Portugal. Its descent into slang forms a companion chapter to the history of the Welsh Taffy, or David. The Kansas City Star recalls the almost perished fact that in 1820 the skipper of a Mediterranean cargo vessel entered in the New York customs entry, after his own name and the names of his mates and American sailors, the expression "and three Dagos." He explained that he meant three Portuguese. In those days Italian and Spanish sailors were seldom found out of the Mediterranean. Nevertheless the term will undoubtedly stick to the olive-skinned sons of Sunny Italy, and despite its absolutely harmless meaning arouse their ire simply owing to its malicious intonation.


# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is safe, reliable and effectual because of the stimulating action which it exerts over the nerves and vital powers of the body, adding tone to the one and inciting to renewed and increased vigor the slumbering vitality of the physical structure, and through this healthful stimulation and increased action the CAUSE of the PAIN is driven away, and a natural condition restored. It is thus that the READY RELIEF is so admirably adapted for the CURE OF PAIN and without the risk of injury which is sure to result from the use of many of the so-called pain remedies of the day.

**It Is Highly Important That Every Family Keep a Supply of**

# RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Always in the house. Its use will prove beneficial on all occasions of pain or sickness. There is nothing in the world that will stop pain or arrest the progress of disease as quick as the READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. NOT ONE HOUR after reading this advertisement need anyone SUFFER WITH PAIN.

## Aches and Pains

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other fevers, aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

# RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

## THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

**For the Cure of Chronic Disease, Scrofulous, Hereditary or Contagious.**

Not only does the Sarsaparilla Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional and Skin Diseases, but it is the only positive cure for

KIDNEY AND BLADDER COMPLAINTS,

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

**Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness, Constipation, Dyspepsia.**

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning in the flesh.

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# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS

Not since the flood, so graphically described in the Old Testament, has such a catastrophe as Mr. Jean T. van Gestel relates, been told by an eyewitness. The eruption of Krakatoa swept out of existence nearly 120,000 persons. Of this terrible cataclysm Mr. van Gestel, the only living eyewitness, tells the story in the April "Cosmopolitan." Lady Colin Campbell has an interesting article, "English Country-House Parties." The last six pages of the "Cosmopolitan" present a new feature which appeals to lovers of art. These six full-page copies of six famous paintings of recent work reflect what is being done in the world of art. Published at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, New York.

The study of mind receives much attention in the April "Popular Science Monthly." Prof. M. Allen Starr, M. D., of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, opens the number with an account of "Some Curiosities of Thinking." Prof. Sully's paper on "Later Progress in Language"—the seventh of his studies of childhood—gives insight into mental action from another point of view. "Communicated Insanity" is discussed by Charles W. Pilgrim, M. D. Garrett P. Serviss continues his illustrated talks about the constellations with account of "Virgo and Her Neighbors." In the Editor's Table the improved relations of science and religion are pointed out. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The "Century" for April has almost as much variety in topics as in the number of its articles. Military warfare is represented by Prof. Sloane's Napoleon Life, naval warfare by Molly Elliot Seawell's article on Paul Jones, invention by T. C Martin's paper on Tesla's recent work, the drama by a note on Mme. Rejane, with portrait, music by Henry T. Finck's biographical sketch of Stavenhagen, also with a portrait, statesmanship by Noah Brooks' article on Lincoln's re election. In an article on Tesla's recent electrical inventions are remarkable photographs of the inventor and of Mark Twain, Joseph Jefferson, and Marion Crawford. Century Pub. Co, New York.

## MEDICAL ETIQUETTE.

THE desire for a strict observance of professional ethics among physicians is sometimes abnormally developed by a consciousness of one's superiority into practices which are ridiculous and absurd," said a well-known Pittsburgher. "Business is business in the medical as the commercial world, but, as there are many little social acts that may be indulged in even while changing merchandise into gold, so a physician, who has his profession close to his heart, will not disguise the natural social instinct of man by exaggerated mannerisms that are intended solely to magnify his own importance in the eyes of his patient. Professional etiquette is all right, but when it makes a man appear to be more of a thinking machine with an automatic dispensing attachment, it is time to revise practice.

"In my experience I have met with many curious examples of distorted ideas of what professional etiquette should be, but the most marked case of any is to be found in a Philadelphia doctor of high standing. He possesses considerable skill, and this, along with many mannerisms and affectations, with a stastling nicety of dress always in the latest fashion, has made this physician the pet of the world of fashion, who are willing to pay exorbitant fees for indulging in a social fad. They all like him because he is so different.

"The doctor is a great stickler on the ethics of medical practice, and considers his methods the only proper ones for a physician to follow. He refrains when visiting a patient from saying anything to any person in the house, aside from asking information concerning the case in hand, but a most polite 'good-day' when arriving and leaving. He believes that the doctor should be apart from the man, so, in a well-defined manner, he conducts a dual life—Dr. Blank as the physician and Dr. Blank as the social man.

"You can imagine how this cool professional manner seems in the homes of his friends, yet no matter how closely he may be connected when called in 'professionally' he always maintains this attitude. I know of one case in which he was called in by a college chum to attend his wife. The two had been the warmest sort of friends in college, having roomed together and graduated in the same class. But as such things go in this world, they had not seen much of each other of late years, their business keeping them apart and kind fortune having favored the man's home with health, so there was no need of a physician. But he called his friend in when he needed him. At the door he met him with a cordial greeting and a hearty handshake, only to have a cold 'good morning' and an indifferent grasp of the hand in return.

"The man, thinking the doctor must have some cause for his apparently cool, indifferent manner, said no more, but conducted him to his wife's room, where he answered all the questions put to him by the physician. As he was going down stairs he stopped in the library, and taking up a decanter, said, 'Allow me to give you a glass of sherry, doctor.' This he refused, and proceeded on his way down stairs, and with a 'good day' went out of the door.

"The gentleman was nonplussed by his strange actions. The friend of his college days, so changed! His meditations were interrupted by the ringing of the bell, and upon going to the head of the stairs he found it was the doctor returned. But it was not the doctor, it was the man. The returned doctor did not wait for his friend to come down and greet him, but rushed up the stairs and, taking his hand, was most cordial. This puzzled the gentleman more than ever, and he began to think his friend had really gone insane. But his college chum dragged him into the library, where, without waiting for an invitation from his host, he took up the decanter and poured out two glasses of wine. Then selecting an easy chair, he sat down with the remark, 'Well, John, this is like the good old days gone by.'

"Then the doctor plied all sorts of questions to the astonished man, who was so amazed that everything seemed jumbled to him. Finally he recovered himself to ask him the meaning of his actions upon his first visit. The doctor explained how rigidly he adhered to a line of ethics in medical practice, and how he never presumed that a professional call was intended to be a social visit.

"'Now,' he went on, 'I finished my professional call, went outside and waited a while, then I made my social call, for I was anxious to see and talk with you, John. I never allow any of my patients to say I overstepped the line of professionalism even an iota. My life as a doctor and my life as a man are two different things altogether, and I keep them apart from each other, so that they are perfect strangers. It may seem strange, but it is an idea I have.'

"And he told the truth. The man socially is most brilliant and goes in the most fashionable circles of that staid, aristocratic town, but as a doctor, aside from being an excellent practitioner, he is absolutely dull and uninteresting. This is one example of an abnormal development of professional etiquette, but it pays this man at least, and that is why, perhaps, he cultivates it."

## DUST AND HYGIENE.

IT is questionable whether, with all the attention paid in these days to the subject of hygiene, sufficient consideration is bestowed on the important part dust plays with respect to health. Yet dust is ever with us; with every breath we inhale more or less of it, and are exposed to many dangers from its penetration into our bodies.

Dust is to a large extent a product of human activity. In houses and workshops on the highways, and in the streets, everywhere there is wear and tear of things, and the product is always dust. The wearing and cleansing of our clothing is continual breaking up its fibres into minute particles, and the friction of clothing on the skin carries away the scales of the epidermis, which are constantly being shed and renewed. Every contact of the feet, horses' hoofs, and the wheels of vehicles with paving and road materials wears away particles of iron and stone. The effects of the weather and the alternations of cold and heat disintegrate all exposed surfaces. To these particles which form the dust invariably present in dwellings, and in the streets, there must be added the innumerable minute cells of vegetable origin incessantly floating in the air, and on a complete view the dust produced by the disintegration of meteors by contact with our atmosphere must also be mentioned.

Dust accordingly consists of portions of all substances, organic and inorganic, which decay by natural processes, and are reduced to powder by any means whatever. Few of its constituents can be recognized by the naked eye. The microscope alone can detect the nature of many, and especially those of the greatest importance.

The organic constituents of dust come partly from the animal and partly from the vegetable kingdom. Besides these there are constituents of mixed nature producing from the smoke and waste of industrial works of all kinds.

The inorganic constituents of dust are made up of various salts, especially common salt; many metals, especially iron, lime, quartz, clay, magnesia, and many other compounds; while the smoke of various manufacturing processes adds products, often of poisonous nature, to the air.

It is not too much to say that every man is constantly incorporting micro organisms by breathing. These do not injure healthy lungs, but injured or unhealthy mucus receives and nourishes them. The perfetly sound man enjoys immunity from diseases which readily seize hold of the man whose system is disordered from any cause.

Besides diseases of the respiratory organs, dust also causes affections of the digestive organs. The micro-organisms floating in the air settle on the teeth, set up trouble there, and thence pass to the stomach and intestines. Dust settles on all kinds of food; bacteria multiply on and are introduced into the body along with them.

An important problem of modern hygiene is the question of protection against this ever-present enemy, dust. As it is present wherever there is life and moving air, and no effective hindrance can be opposed to its origin, there remains nothing but as far as possible to render it innocuous on the spot, and further to remove it out of our immediate neighborhood.

If dwellings are to gain in salubrity they must be cleansed much more carefully than is usually done, especially with the poorer classes. They are, it is true, daily or almost daily cleaned and swept, besides being occasionally damp-wiped or sprinkled, but all this is done but superficially at the best. Dust is removed from the more prominent articles by dry "dusting"; floors are swept dry—moisture would injure the furniture. The coarsest elements of the dust are, by this perfunctory housemaid's process, certainly removed from houses, but the finer, and just the most dangerous, are merely whirled up into the air, to settle again in places not daily accessible, accumulate there, and remain until a "big cleaning," to be then either entirely removed, or perhaps in many cases only once more whirled up.

The carpets, curtains, and various hangings of modern houses provide favorite resting-places for dust, and in the generally superficial methods of cleaning employed, only very seldom are those conditions fulfilled which must be observed if due regard is to be paid to the hygiene of dwellings in this respect. These are: daily airing of rooms—how many men would rather sit in a chemically impure and dusty atmosphere than expose themselves, even for a moment, to a harmless draught?—further, damp wiping of all furniture and other articles, and cleansing of floors with the help of water. Quite especial care must be taken in cleansing sick-rooms. Those in attendance on a sick person are seldom aware that by unsuitable methods of cleaning they frequently cause much injury to the patient, and perhaps aid in spreading the disease.

TRAPPED BY TALKING.—A most ingenious scheme of robbery has just come to nought, owing to the untimely loquacity of the would-be robbers.

A short time ago, a couple of detectives, who were lounging about in the Rue St. Martin, in Paris, had their attention drawn to a man who had just placed a large packing-case on a hand cart, to which he continued to talk as he went along.

This extraordinary behavior caused them to follow him, while he remarked at intervals: "Don't you be afraid, old fellow, I'll take the shortest cut."

On arriving at the Rue De Bondy, the man deposited the packing-case for the night in the warehouse of a certain merchant, named M. Roux.

The detectives, feeling suspicious, communicated their ideas to M. Roux, who very gladly allowed them to watch, particularly as the man who had deposited the case had said he would call early the next morning to fetch it away.

About midnight the two detectives, concealed in the warehouse, saw the packing-case move, and soon after a powerful man emerged from the inside.

He was provided with a fine set of burglar's tools, and at once set to work to open the lock of the iron safe. This took a long time, but at last it was done, and the thief proceeded to fill his pockets with the gold and notes it contained. This done, he took refuge again in the case, which closed so well upon him that no one who did not examine it very carefully could have suspected its ingenious mechanism.

The detectives were in no hurry to capture him, but awaited the return of his confederate.

At five in the morning the latter arrived to remove the case, and was at once taken prisoner before he could enter the warehouse.

His capture effected, the detectives placed the case on a hand-cart and dragged it to the office of the Police Commissary.

On the way they acted the part of the accomplice, when the man in the box inquired, "Is that you?"

They replied, "Yes, old boy, don't be uneasy; I am taking you by the shortest cut."

The ingenious robber was, as may well be imagined, more surprised than gratified when he at length arrived at his destination, to find himself in the hands of the police.

When searched, he had in his pockets several thousand francs in notes and gold.

INTOLERANCE AND PERSECUTION.—Intolerance, especially when it takes the form of persecution, is the product of two very mean vices, cowardice and idleness. Very few people who really believe in the inherent power of truth would ever be induced to resort to persecution were it not for an intellectual idleness which shrinks from the toil of dealing with truth in its own way. Impatient believers wish to reach the place they are making for by some short cut, and it seems—and indeed it is—far easier to change the conduct of men by pains and penalties than to convince their understandings. But to convince the understanding is the precise end and aim of truth, and, apart from that, the change of conduct is, so to speak, irrelevant. It is not by persecuting one another, but by trying to understand one another, and by making the best of one another, that we can hope to come to Christian unity and the Christian life.

A GAS BATTERY.—The London Times mentions an invention in Germany that looks to the direct production of electric energy from coal. The device is a "gas-battery," working with carbonic oxide, air and chloride of copper. It has been received with some enthusiasm in the country of its inventor, but in England its practical utility is still in question.


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## Humorous.

The dentist is no fool, forsooth,
He'll never have to beg,
For every time he pulls a tooth
He also pulls a leg.

Light literature—Gas bills.

A good thing to keep—Cool.

Makes money by the barrel—The cooper.

Things that must be pushed—Wheelbarrows.

Wanted—A doctor who knows how to mend broken rest.

What fruit do a couple of hedge-hogs represent?—A prickly pear.

When you see a dwarf, you may take it for granted that his parents never made much of him.

It seems strange that soap and whisky should both be bought by the bar.

"Well, Anna, have you found the rose for my hair yet?" "Yes, madam; but now I cannot find the hair."

Hoax: "I hear Jack Kissem's best girl turned against him." Joax: "So she did. But he had his arms around her."

Mr. Crimsonbeak: "Isn't it hard work minding the baby?" Nurse girl: "Not half so hard as trying to make the baby mind me."

Cora: "You have fine sense for the ridiculous." Dick, rather flattered: "Why do you think so?" Cora: "I noticed you smiling at yourself in the mirror."

Johnny: "I got a book as a prize in school to-day for havin' a good memory." Mamma: "What was the name of the book?" Johnny: "I can't remember."

Mrs. Newlywed: "Bridget, you will have to use more economy in the kitchen." Bridget: "Sure, mum, I don't t'ink there is a drop lift in the house."

Napoleon, bracing himself to keep his place on the pedestal: "Stop that! Who's pushing me." The goddess of fame: "Shut up and move over! It's Bismarck."

"Brilliant and impulsive people," declares a lecturer on physiognomy, "have black eyes; or, if they don't have them, they're apt to get them if they're too impulsive."

What's the matter with Jaggs, that he is asking a raise of salary?

He claims that he works harder.

In what way?

Well, he spent half the day trying to borrow $5 and couldn't.

Young Fastkind: "I thought you told me this horse was without fault?" Stable man: "So O! did, sor." Young Fastkind: "I notice one of his eyes is blind." Stableman: "That's not his fault, sorr; it's his misfortune."

Bank president: "You say you have had some experience in banks. Do you think you could fill the duties of clerk?" Applicant: "I'll try, sir; but I'm afraid I have much to learn. I have been nothing but a simple bank robber all my life."

Here is the list of drinks offered at the bar of a Bethlehem, Pa., temperance house: "Soda water, Congress water, Lehigh water, Delaware water, spring water, Bushkill water, eye water, rose water, salt water, cucumber pump water, rain water, court house roof water, gaol roof water, and water."

"Bob, I rudely insulted Tom to-day in a moment of excitement, and I have determined to tender him an apology. Advise me whether it shall be oral or indited." "Indited, by all means," replied Bob; "you should always right a wrong."

First cook: "They say the new Judge stutters."

Second cook: "I'm glad of that."

"Why?"

"Oh, because he won't be able to pronounce such long sentences."

Smythe: "I intend Harry for the bar; would you advise him beginning on such old works as Coke and Blackstone?"

Tompkins: "No; I would begin by grounding him even further back."

Smythe: "Indeed! In what?"

Tompkins: "The Ten Commandments."

A single word sometimes reveals a man's inmost thought. "Who are those girls playing four handed pieces on the piano?" asked one man of another at an evening party.

"One of them is the daughter of the hostess," was the answer.

"And who is her accomplice?"

A gentleman, seeing an Irishman staggering home from a fair, observed to him—

"Ah, Pat, I'm afraid you'll find the road you're going is rather a longer one than you think."

"Sure, your honor," replied Pat, "it's not the length of the road I care about; it's the breadth of it that's destroyin' me."

Idle Tim: Phew! Never had sich a narrow escape in all the years I've been trampin'. These ere big cities is full o' pitfalls fer the unwary.

Tattered Tom: What happened ye?

Idle Tim: I went into that big building to tell me tale of woe, and where d'ye think I found meself? It was an employment office—an' twenty different persons offered me work afore I could get out.

CHINESE TYPOGRAPHY.—Printing a book in China is done somewhat as follows. Two pages are written by a person trained to the business, on a sheet of thin paper, divided into columns by black lines, and in the space between the two pages are written the title of the work and the number of chapter and page; when the sheet has been printed, it is folded down through this space, so as to bring the title, etc, partly on each page. The sheet, when ready for printing, is pasted face downward on a smooth block of wood, made usually from the pear or plum tree. As soon as it is dry, the paper is rubbed off with great care, leaving behind an inverted impression of the characters. Another workman now cuts away the blank spaces by means of a sharp graver, and the block, with the characters in high relief, passes to the printer, who performs his work by hand. The two points that he has to be most careful about are—to ink the characters equally with his brush, and to avoid tearing the paper when taking the impression. From a good wooden block some 15,000 copies may be printed, when the characters have been sharpened up a little it is possible to obtain 8,000 to 10,000 more impressions.

"No," said the gentleman from Boomville, "I wouldn't like to brag about the invigorating quality of the atmosphere out our way, but I will simply cite that a feller in our town is making a good living by compressing it and sending it East for bicycle riders to use in filling their tires. It has such elastic and lively qualities that the speed of the machine is increased from 40 to 80 per cent."


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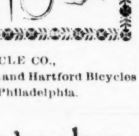

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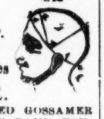


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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

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No. 1. The round of the head.
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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.

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No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

**Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.**

This preparation has been manufactured and sold to Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for her Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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Lock Haven, Clearfield and Du Bois Express (Sleeper) daily, except Saturday, 11.30 p m.

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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.30, 4.00 (two hour train), 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

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For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00 a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00 p m,) 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Returning, leave Atlantic City (de ok) week-days, express, 7.35, 9.00 a m, 4.00, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 8.15 a m, 4.32 p m. Sundays, express, 4.00, 5.15, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

FOR CAPE MAY AND SEA ISLE CITY (via South Jersey Railroad), Express, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m, from Chestnut street, and 9.40 a m from South street.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m

Lakewood, week-days, 8.30 a m, 4.15 p m.

Detailed time tables at ticket offices, N. E. corner, Broad and Chestnut, 833 Chestnut street, 30 S. Tenth street, 609 S. Third street, 3962 Market street and at stations.

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